The Students' Series of English Classics

Pope's Iliad

Books I, VI, XXII, and XXIV

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THE ILIAD OF HOMER

(Books I, VI, XXII, and XXIV)

TRANSLATED BY

ALEXANDER POPE

"But Pope took up his parable, and knit
The woof of wisdom with the warp of wit;
He trimmed the measure on its equal feet
And smoothed and fitted till the line was neat;
He taught the pause with due effect to fall;
He taught the epigram to come at call."

— Austin Dobson

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PREFACE.

It is most judicious to include in the college English requirements the following books of Pope's Homer. And this for reasons further than an acquaintance with the work of the great eighteenth century poet, or the study of a passage so justly famous as the parting of Hector and Andromache. "Childe Harold" introduces Lord Byron to the student, and enforces an acquaintance with the Spenserian stanza. "The Ancient Mariner" must bring with it some knowledge of ballad poetry as well as of Coleridge. So this great translation shows us not only Pope, but also the artificial versification of the so-called Augustan age in England, and at its height. But Pope's "Iliad" is in another way of even greater value to the student. Of necessity it keeps Homer before him quite as prominently as Pope. In this it shows more markedly than do any of the other required books, the close relationship that should exist between English and classical studies. Xenophon and Cæsar, Livy and Herodotus, Demosthenes and Cicero, should stand for a vast deal more than the mere acquiring of Greek and Latin accidence. And this English "Iliad" should give to any student a greater interest, a clearer understand-

ing, and a truer love for that grandest of all epics wherein we learn the story of him who won —

"Honor, a friend, anguish, untimely death;"

an epic which for centuries has been a passion and ennoblement among men of every station.

W. J. P.

St. Paul's School,
March, 1896.

CONTENTS.

BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION.

In the history of English poetry two periods appear when it may be said that the poetic art became enslaved, when nature, passion, imagination, disappeared, while a worship of "conceits," properly called quaint, and a seeking after novel turns of thought, tended to lessen sense and clearness even while adding elegance to the form. The first of these periods begins to grow prominent in the closing years of Elizabeth's reign; the second virtually extends over the years intervening between the Restoration and the opening of the present century. Milton's "Lycidas" dealt the death-blow to the first, the lyrical ballads of Wordsworth and Coleridge ended the second. In this second period of artificiality appears the name of Alexander Pope, — the greatest poet of his century, the greatest artificial poet of any century.

From 1675 to 1725 England was in a state of literary transition. Education was limited in its attainments, confined in its territory. The theatres were not yet redeemed from the licentiousness attendant upon the Restoration. It was an age of unbridled frivolity, scandal, and slander. Religion was the butt of wits. Yet the great middle class was fast coming into prominence: a reading public was rapidly forming. For the first time in its history literature grew independent of patronage and met with greater honor, though still honored, it must

be said, more for party than for itself. It was an age of criticism, when the French and "classic" influences at work demanded lightness of touch and elegance of form. Satire, wit, the lesser morals, — these, with criticism, drove out the deeper problems of human thought. The country was forgotten, the town was the theme. The result of all this is a prose absolutely clear and simple, a verse as artificial as exquisite in form. The foremost poet of society, as apart from nature, the exponent of this "classicism," was Alexander Pope.

He was born in Lombard Street, London, on the 21st of May, 1688. His father, a retired linen-draper, was a Roman Catholic, and soon after the poet's birth, induced, it may be, by the social disabilities due to his religion, removed to Binfield, on the edge of Windsor Forest. Here Pope's early years were spent, and here was acquired what little education he was to receive from others; that is, the merest rudiments of Greek and Latin, which were taught him by the three or four priests who successively took him in charge, the religion of his parents excluding him from the public schools and the universities. In the strict import of the word, Pope was never a scholar, but, on the other hand, he was in one way a gainer by this apparent deprivation; for not being able to read for *words* he read for the *sense*, and early stored his mind with the stories and legends of the older writers.

In his own tongue he was a voracious reader, especially in poetry and criticism, and this by his twelfth birthday. Indeed, when fifteen, he was conversant enough with the work of Homer and Virgil, Ovid, Statius, and Claudian, Spenser, Milton, and Cowley, to compose an "epic" of some four thousand lines in imitation of their poems. "Not," as he says, "out of any vanity, but humility. I saw how defective my own things were, and endeavored to mend my manner by copying the

good strokes of others." And so successful was he in this early "endeavor" that some of the most polished couplets found in his later work were taken without change from this "Alcander, Prince of Rhodes."

His first published work, the "Pastorals," appeared in 1709. It showed as great art and finish as any of his later writings; further, it showed him head and shoulders above his contemporaries. But it also shows (as does the "Windsor Forest" later) that his inspiration springs from books, not nature, and that the constant feature to be noted is the verse rather than the subject.[1]

In this same year he wrote his "Essay on Criticism," which appeared in 1711. Here Pope showed the true bent of his genius. The precepts laid down were far from original or new; the world had heard them from Quintilian and Aristotle, from Horace and Boileau; but the expression was happy, while the critical power and judgment displayed suggested one of much greater maturity than twenty-three. "Wit and fine Writing," said Addison, "doth not consist so much in Advancing Things that are new as in giving Things that are known an agreeable Turn." It was just such "Wit and fine Writing," with many an "agreeable Turn" that that age wanted; and young Pope's reputation was established.

[1] As an instance of Pope's lack of true appreciation for nature, and of his inability to describe its beauties, the following lines may be quoted. Not a phrase but is either wrong or vague. R. H. Dana asks, "Had he ever *seen* the sea?"

> "As when the winds, ascending by degrees,
> First move the whitening surface of the seas,
> The billows float in order to the shore,
> The waves behind roll on the waves before,
> Till with the growing storm the deeps arise,
> Foam o'er the rocks, and thunder to the skies."

Then was published (1712) that poem which Macaulay calls his best, which Stopford Brooke considers "the most brilliant occasional poem in the language," and in which De Quincey finds "the most exquisite monument of playful fancy that universal literature offers," — "The Rape of the Lock." It seems that one Lord Petre had cut a lock of hair from the head of Miss Arabella Fermer, a maid of honor to the queen. This familiarity was resented, and not only was all friendly intercourse between the families brought to an end, but actual trouble threatened. To many the incident would have suggested no more than an epigram or a sonnet: Pope produced a humorous epic, where, amidst sylphs, gnomes, and nymphs, amidst beaux and belles, fans and furbelows, tea-cups and powdered heads, and in a manner ludicrously serious, he draws an animated picture of the human life and manners of the time, with all its whims and foibles evident, every character clearly marked and distinguished. To the student it is immaterial whether this poem laughed the rival factions into harmony, for in it may be seen what Pope was capable of when a subject was suited to his wit and spirit; and if we must grant the claim of those who find in him no imagination, we may as surely find here the proof of decided fancy.

In contrast to this poem stand the "Windsor Forest" (1713) and the "Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard" (1717). For here we see what Pope could not do. The former poem is said to have so pleased Dean Swift that he recommended it to Stella in the highest terms. But modern criticism does not agree with the Dean. Here and there in it are lines of pretty description, here and there in the "Eloisa to Abelard" is a verse or two of what may pass for passionate intensity; but it is evident that a true insight into natural beauty, or a deep appreciation of human love, was impossible to one wholly taken up with the

form of his verse. To us the "Eloisa to Abelard" exhibits only vague generalities, sought antitheses, forced apostrophes, a cold and false sentiment; in spite of Dr. Johnson we cannot find the least show of elevation or dignity. And in the "Windsor Forest," where we might have expected some description of the glades and glens made memorable by Shakespeare, and colored now by all the enchantment of earlier memories, we are introduced to dismal classic deities moving in a landscape far more suggestive of Italian artificiality and stiffness than of rural England,

The same year that this poem was offered to the public saw the public invited to contribute towards a translation of Homer's "Iliad." By this time Pope's friends were among the foremost men of England;[1] and all seem to have done their best in furthering the subscription — the great Dean Swift alone, in his characteristic arrogance, declaring that the poet should not begin to print till "I have a thousand guineas for him." In 1715 the actual labor commenced. At first Pope was appalled at the task he had undertaken. He wrote of feeling as one on a long journey, uncertain where to go, and doubting if he would ever reach his goal; and even added that hanging would be preferable to further effort. But in 1720 the last line had been polished, and the book started on its career, which, if success be measured by fame and money, was to be the most successful of all of Pope's writings. Whether from prudence or principle Pope had never identified himself with either party,[2] and now both Whig and Tory took up his

[1] Swift, Bolingbroke, Peterborough, Gay, Parnell, Prior, Arbuthnot.

[2] If further reason be sought for the dedication to Congreve, than that given by Pope, it may be that Congreve, too, was not politically connected.

work. Six volumes appeared, for each of which Lintot paid £200, besides furnishing free the copies for subscribers. Of these some five hundred odd had signed (and among them almost every one of importance), taking among them six hundred and fifty copies. For these the translator received a guinea apiece, so that his profits amounted to about £5,300. Add to this the £3,500 received for the "Odyssey,"[1] and we find nearly £9,000 accruing to Pope, who thus became enabled to live in ease at his new-bought villa at Twickenham. This alteration in the circumstances and surroundings of the poet's outward life is as clearly marked by a corresponding change in his work; but before speaking of this mention must be made of another poem.

"The Dunciad" was written from two motives. The first may be termed a zeal for literature. It must be remembered that at this period literature was not only growing in importance, but also was being lowered, — becoming of more importance because of greater use, being lowered because that use was often, if not generally, low. Able men had made of it a purely political tool, a means of furthering little ambitions by abject flattery; and smaller men had, in an equally stupid but even baser way, degraded it by a shameless abuse. For this both parties are arraigned by Pope with that supreme satiric art which is his most immortal part. The second and stronger motive of the poet was a desire for personal revenge. Like nearly all men of weak physique, Pope was of a nervous and irascible temperament. What another might have disregarded or scorned, so easily and so deeply wounded this

[1] Pope did but half of this, working with Broome and Fenton. It is much inferior to the "Iliad," the declamatory style seeming more out of place in its romantic narrative.

"vital, electric spirit, pitiably caged," that bitter reply became a necessity. So, with the deadly earnestness and savageness of a Swift, in words that not only wound but tear the wounds, this little giant answers his Grub Street critics. This "Iliad of the Dunces" may not be interesting as a whole, for much of it deals with names and details known only to a close student of the period; but we must recognize in it some splendid flights, and also learn from it that Pope's true strength lay in moral reflections joined to bitter personalities. It is the bitterest of satires, the most elaborate of allegories.

The last part of the poet's life was spent at Twickenham. Here many of his hours were passed in giving an "artful wildness," a "pleasing intricacy," to what he terms his "scanty plot." Arcade, grove, and grotto grew day by day; but "villakin" and all have long since disappeared, and no trace is left us of this period of his life except the poems then written, — the "Essay on Man," the "Moral Essays," and the "Epistles and Satires." And yet what glorious remains these are! Here is Pope's ripest work; here we find an unmatched rivalry in the use of the heroic couplet, wedded to an unrivalled power of satire. It has been complained that these poems are too didactic, too philosophical; that this very philosophy is often weak, and seldom, if ever, the writer's own; that certain principles have received an undue weight because of the masterly form in which they are here expressed. But even were all this true (and answers can be made to every charge), yet it is equally true that a reader must seek far to find types of character so terse and finished; it is equally sure that certain single truths have never found more splendid statement. For where is to be found a finer appreciation of that phase of savage life which looks for its religion in the natural world

around it?[1] Where a more beautiful expression of that truth in our own theology that all things exist in God?[2] And Ruskin has justly called the following "the most complete, concise, and lofty expression of moral temper existing in English words:" —

> "Never elated, while one man's oppressed;
> Never dejected, whilst another's blessed."[3]

And mingled with such thoughts as these we find the old vices and frailties of man assailed with more wit and force than ever before — the pungent and direct attacks of an observant man long conversant with the society of which he writes.

In 1744, at his country home, Pope died of an asthma. Towards the end he grew delirious; but in the intervals of sanity he ever asked after his friends — his humanity outlived his understanding. The scene about his bed as his final moment approached is well known. His acquiescence in confessing and receiving the last sacrament, not because it was essential, but because it was right, is only one final proof that his life had been on the whole upright, and he knew it. It gives us a warmer feeling towards one who was scarcely of the kind to engender it. And then whatever bitterness or littleness or deception may have marked his life is forgotten in reading of the peculiar tenderness and love the little man always evinced for his mother. It was not characteristic of the age to hold any high opinion of woman. Pope himself was in all other cases lacking in the deference even of a Steele.

[1] "Essay on Man," Epistle I., lines 99–113.
[2] *Ibid.*, lines 327–341.
[3] *Ibid.*, Epistle IV., lines 323, 324.

But towards his mother he was ever as dutiful and affectionate as I like to imagine him when, as a boy, he read to her under the trees at Binfield.[1]

Pope's life is full of contradictions, — a mighty intellect in a puny frame,[2] an agreeable voice[3] and a temper generally spoken of by those who knew him as "waspish," constantly declaring his insensibility to criticism yet writhing under it as few have done, apparently disregarding fame yet actually courting it, affecting superiority to those born great yet constantly boasting of his great friends. Much is but a part of the artifice which was habitual to him, and which, with his irritability and occasional meanness, we may well believe due to the pain which racked his puny frame. The blessing De Quincey writes of, "a fine intellect joined to a healthy stomach," Pope had only in part. But after all is said there is still much to admire. Unmercenary in a mercenary age, never flattering to gain his selfish ends, and that, too, at a time when such a course was far too customary to draw remark, endowed with an indomitable will and a marked genius that made him a force in his century — Pope was truly great. "In his own province he still stands unapproachably alone. If to be the greatest satirist of individual men rather than of human nature, if to be the highest expression which the life of the court

[1] In the garden at Twickenham, in the loveliest of its vistas, stood an obelisk, surrounded, as was then customary, with weeping willows, and inscribed: —

"To the best of mothers, and most loved of women."

[2] He was but little over four feet in height, somewhat hunchbacked, and so weak that he had to be dressed in canvas stays, and wear three or four times the usual amount of clothes.

[3] "A sweet voice, large brilliant eyes, an eager, precocious temperament, and an inordinate love of books." — Austin Dobson.

and the ballroom has ever found in verse, if to have added more phrases to our language than any other but Shakespeare, if to have charmed four generations, make a man a great poet — then he is one. He was the chief founder of an artificial style of writing, which in his hands was living and powerful, because he used it to express artificial modes of thinking, and an artificial state of society. Measured by any high standard of imagination, he will be found wanting; tried by any test of wit, he is unrivalled." [1]

THE TRANSLATION OF THE ILIAD.

Pope had always shown an interest in Homer. It is said that when but eight years of age he attempted a metrical translation of parts of the first book, and it is a well-known story that at twelve he had arranged, partly in translation, partly in original verse, a tragedy on Homeric subjects the parts in which were to be taken by his fellows and himself, the gardener personating Ajax. The elaborate translation of his later years was first suggested by Sir William Trumbull, Secretary of State under William III. He had lived for a time near Binfield, had seen something of young Pope, and pleased with his precocity had proposed just such a task as was attempted later. The completion of the work and its great success have already been spoken of. It remains to speak in a little more detail of its value as a rendering of Homer, and of its own intrinsic merits as an English poem.

It has been said that for fitly rendering Homer a medium is called for that shall show the resources both of verse and prose; prose because of Homer's large objective veracity, his concernment in every-day life and things, his continuity and actuality; poetry to reach that diffused but ever-present joy,

[1] James Russell Lowell's "Among My Books."

that taste for beauty, sense of pleasure, and elevation of feeling. Perhaps the English hexameter most nearly fulfils this requirement, but so far it has proved disappointing. Indeed, no translation up to this time, excepting only the masterly work of Lang, Leaf, and Myers, gives a reader any true understanding of the calm, clear beauty of the Greek. Least of all can a form of speech so Latinized as Pope's reproduce the sharp-edged pictures of the older epic where sight rather than thinking seems to have dictated the expression. Any conventional verbiage must smother the vivid natural images, and deaden the Homeric phrase. Any poet dealing largely in alternatives, antitheses, and climaxes of feeling, as does Pope, is naturally at a disadvantage in paraphrasing the lines of one whose hall-marks are simplicity and directness. Homer is never ornate nor pointed; Pope always is. Pope depends on reason and wit; Homer breathes passion, high imagination, and what may be spoken of as an uneasy sense of beauty.

But Pope started out to produce smooth verse and clear sense, rather than exactly to render his author. He could not have turned out a true translation, indeed, when his lack of Greek learning threw him back upon French and Latin versions, upon earlier English translations, or upon the assistance of more scholarly but less poetic friends. He worked from a Homer minus Homer's force and freedom, a Homer ornamented with epigrams to suit the taste of the age. His tools were a settled diction and a ready-made style, regular, neat, and terse. The result could never have been Homer, but it is an English poem of sustained vivacity and emphasis, a fine epic as epics went in the days of Anne — "A very pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but not Homer."[1]

[1] Bentley

But something is to be said on the other side. We may dislike the style, we may find the ceaselessly regular return of the cæsural pause wearisome and monotonous; but we must recognize the absolute clearness that leaves the meaning to be caught at first sight, and above all must we appreciate the literary art and power able to set up the model for a century. Gray and Gibbon praised it, and the great Dr. Johnson wrote, "It is certainly the noblest version of poetry which the world has ever seen, and its publication must therefore be considered as one of the great events in the annals of learning."

So, in the study of Pope's Homer, we must look for more than an apt rendering of the Greek. We must here see a style the most regular, refined, and artificial, graceful and, at times, even melodious, terse and pointed always. We must see less a Greek translation than an English epic justly held a classic.

For what remains, I beg to be excused from the ceremonies of taking leave at the end of my work; and from embarrassing myself, or others, with any defences or apologies about it. But instead of endeavoring to raise a vain monument to myself, of the merits or difficulties of it (which must be left to the world, to truth, and to posterity), let me leave behind me a memorial of my friendship with one of the most valuable men, as well as finest writers, of my age and country; one who has tried, and knows by his own experience, how hard an undertaking it is to do justice to Homer; and one who (I am sure) sincerely rejoices with me at the period of my labors. To him, therefore, having brought this long work to a conclusion, I desire to *dedicate* it; and to have the honor and satisfaction of placing together, in this manner, the names of Mr. CONGREVE, and of

A. POPE.

March 25, 1720.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE CONTENTION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON.

In the war of Troy, the Greeks, having sacked some of the neighboring towns, and taking from thence two beautiful captives, Chryseïs and Briseïs, allotted the first to Agamemnon, and the last to Achilles. Chryses, the father of Chryseïs, and priest of Apollo, comes to the Grecian camp to ransom her; with which the action of the poem opens, in the tenth year of the siege. The priest being refused and insolently dismissed by Agamemnon, entreats for vengeance from his god, who inflicts a pestilence on the Greeks. Achilles calls a council, and encourages Chalcas to declare the cause of it, who attributes it to the refusal of Chryseïs. The king, being obliged to send back his captive, enters into a furious contest with Achilles, which Nestor pacifies; however, as he had the absolute command of the army, he seizes on Briseïs in revenge. Achilles in discontent withdraws himself and his forces from the rest of the Greeks; and complaining to Thetis, she supplicates Jupiter to render them sensible of the wrong done to her son, by giving victory to the Trojans. Jupiter, granting her suit, incenses Juno, between whom the debate runs high, till they are reconciled by the address of Vulcan.

The time of two-and-twenty days is taken up in this book: nine during the plague, one in the council and quarrel of the princes, and twelve for Jupiter's stay with the Ethiopians, at whose return Thetis prefers her petition. The scene lies in the Grecian camp, then changes to Chrysa, and lastly to Olympus.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK I.

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly Goddess, sing!
That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain:
Whose limbs, unburied on the naked shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore:
Since great Achilles and Atrides strove,
Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of Jove!
Declare, O Muse! in what ill-fated hour
Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended power?
Latona's son a dire contagion spread,
And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead;
The king of men his reverend priest defied,
And, for the king's offence, the people died.
For Chryses sought with costly gifts to gain
His captive daughter from the victor's chain.
Suppliant the venerable father stands;
Apollo's awful ensigns grace his hands:
By these he begs: and, lowly bending down,
Extends the sceptre and the laurel crown.
He sued to all, but chief implor'd for grace

The brother-kings of Atreus' royal race:
"Ye kings and warriors! may your vows be crown'd,
And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground;
May Jove restore you, when your toils are o'er,
Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.
But oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain,
And give Chryseïs to these arms again;
If mercy fail, yet let my presents move,
And dread avenging Phœbus, son of Jove."
The Greeks in shouts their joint assent declare,
The priest to reverence, and release the fair
Not so Atrides: he, with kingly pride,
Repuls'd the sacred sire, and thus replied:
"Hence on thy life, and fly these hostile plains,
Nor ask, presumptuous, what the king detains:
Hence, with thy laurel crown, and golden rod,
Nor trust too far those ensigns of thy god.
Mine is thy daughter, priest, and shall remain;
And prayers, and tears, and bribes, shall plead in vain;
Till time shall rifle every youthful grace,
And age dismiss her from my cold embrace,
In daily labors of the loom employ'd,
Or doom'd to deck the bed she once enjoy'd.
Hence then! to Argos shall the maid retire,
Far from her native soil, and weeping sire."
The trembling priest along the shore return'd,
And in the anguish of a father mourn'd.
Disconsolate, not daring to complain,
Silent he wander'd by the sounding main:

Till, safe at distance, to his god he prays,
The god who darts around the world his rays.
"O Smintheus! sprung from fair Latona's line,
Thou guardian power of Cilla the divine,
Thou source of light! whom Tenedos adores,
And whose bright presence gilds thy Chrysa's shores;
If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane,
Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain;
God of the silver bow! thy shafts employ,
Avenge thy servant, and the Greeks destroy."
Thus Chryses pray'd: the fav'ring power attends,
And from Olympus' lofty tops descends.
Bent was his bow, the Grecian hearts to wound;
Fierce as he mov'd, his silver shafts resound.
Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread,
And gloomy darkness roll'd around his head.
The fleet in view, he twang'd his deadly bow,
And hissing fly the feather'd fates below.
On mules and dogs th' infection first began;
And last, the vengeful arrows fix'd in man.
For nine long nights, through all the dusky air
The pyres thick-flaming shot a dismal glare.
But ere the tenth revolving day was run,
Inspir'd by Juno, Thetis' god-like son
Conven'd to council all the Grecian train;
For much the goddess mourn'd her heroes slain.
Th' assembly seated, rising o'er the rest,
Achilles thus the king of men address'd:
"Why leave we not the fatal Trojan shore,

And measure back the seas we cross'd before?
The plague destroying whom the sword would spare,
'Tis time to save the few remains of war.
But let some prophet or some sacred sage,
Explore the cause of great Apollo's rage;
Or learn the wasteful vengeance to remove
By mystic dreams, for dreams descend from Jove.
If broken vows this heavy curse have laid,
Let altars smoke, and hecatombs be paid.
So heaven aton'd shall dying Greece restore,
And Phœbus dart his burning shafts no more."

He said, and sat: when Chalcas thus replied:
Chalcas the wise, the Grecian priest and guide,
That sacred seer, whose comprehensive view
The past, the present, and the future knew:
Uprising slow the venerable sage
Thus spoke the prudence and the fears of age:

"Belov'd of Jove, Achilles! would'st thou know
Why angry Phœbus bends his fatal bow?
First give thy faith, and plight a prince's word
Of sure protection, by thy pow'r and sword,
For I must speak what wisdom would conceal,
And truths, invidious to the great, reveal.
Bold is the task, when subjects, grown too wise,
Instruct a monarch where his error lies;
For though we deem the short-liv'd fury past,
'Tis sure, the mighty will revenge at last."

To whom Pelides. "From thy inmost soul
Speak what thou know'st, and speak without control.

Ev'n by that god I swear, who rules the day,
To whom thy hands the vows of Greece convey,
And whose blest oracles thy lips declare;
Long as Achilles breathes this vital air,
No daring Greek, of all the numerous band,
Against his priest shall lift an impious hand:
Not ev'n the chief by whom our hosts are led,
The king of kings, shall touch that sacred head."
Encouraged thus, the blameless man replies:
"Nor vows unpaid, nor slighted sacrifice,
But he, our chief, provok'd the raging pest,
Apollo's vengeance for his injured priest.
Nor will the god's awaken'd fury cease,
But plagues shall spread, and funeral fires increase,
Till the great king, without a ransom paid,
To her own Chrysa send the black-ey'd maid.
Perhaps, with added sacrifice and prayer,
The priest may pardon, and the god may spare."
The prophet spoke; when, with a gloomy frown,
The monarch started from his shining throne;
Black choler fill'd his breast that boil'd with ire,
And from his eyeballs flash'd the living fire.
"Augur accurs'd! denouncing mischief still,
Prophet of plagues, for ever boding ill!
Still must that tongue some wounding message bring,
And still thy priestly pride provoke thy king?
For this are Phœbus' oracles explor'd,
To teach the Greeks to murmur at their lord?
For this with falsehoods is my honor stain'd;

Is heaven offended, and a priest profan'd,
Because my prize, my beauteous maid, I hold,
And heav'nly charms prefer to proffer'd gold?
A maid, unmatch'd in manners as in face,
Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with every grace.
Not half so dear were Clytæmnestra's charms,
When first her blooming beauties bless'd my arms.
Yet, if the gods demand her, let her sail;
Our cares are only for the public weal:
Let me be deem'd the hateful cause of all,
And suffer, rather than my people fall.
The prize, the beauteous prize, I will resign,
So dearly valued, and so justly mine.
But since for common good I yield the fair,
My private loss let grateful Greece repair;
Nor unrewarded let your prince complain,
That he alone has fought and bled in vain."
"Insatiate king!" (Achilles thus replies)
"Fond of the pow'r, but fonder of the prize!
Wouldst thou the Greeks their lawful prey should yield,
The due reward of many a well-fought field?
The spoils of cities raz'd, and warriors slain,
We share with justice, as with toil we gain:
But to resume whate'er thy avarice craves,
(That trick of tyrants) may be borne by slaves
Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,
The spoils of Ilion shall thy loss requite,
Whene'er, by Jove's decree, our conqu'ring pow'rs
Shall humble to the dust her lofty tow'rs."

Then thus the king: "Shall I my prize resign
With tame content, and thou possess'd of thine?
Great as thou art, and like a god in fight,
Think not to rob me of a soldier's right.
At thy demand shall I restore the maid?
First let the just equivalent be paid;
Such as a king might ask; and let it be
A treasure worthy her, and worthy me.
Or grant me this, or with a monarch's claim
This hand shall seize some other captive dame.
The mighty Ajax shall his prize resign,
Ulysses' spoils, or e'en thy own be mine.
The man who suffers, loudly may complain;
And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain.
But this when time requires. It now remains
We launch a bark to plough the watery plains,
And waft the sacrifice to Chrysa's shores,
With chosen pilots, and with lab'ring oars.
Soon shall the fair the sable ship ascend,
And some deputed prince the charge attend.
This Creta's king, or Ajax shall fulfil,
Or wise Ulysses see perform'd our will;
Or, if our royal pleasure shall ordain,
Achilles' self conduct her o'er the main;
Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,
The god propitiate, and the pest assuage."
At this, Pelides, frowning stern, replied:
"O tyrant, arm'd with insolence and pride!
Inglorious slave to interest, ever join'd

With fraud, unworthy of a royal mind!
What gen'rous Greek, obedient to thy word,
Shall form an ambush, or shall lift the sword?
What cause have I to war at thy decree?
The distant Trojans never injured me:
To Phthia's realms no hostile troops they led;
Safe in her vales my warlike coursers fed;
Far hence remov'd, the hoarse-resounding main,
And walls of rocks, secure my native reign,
Whose fruitful soil luxuriant harvests grace,
Rich in her fruits, and in her martial race.
Hither we sail'd, a voluntary throng,
T' avenge a private, not a public wrong:
What else to Troy th' assembled nations draws,
But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cause?
Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve,
Disgraced and injur'd by the man we serve?
And dar'st thou threat to snatch my prize away,
Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day?
A prize as small, O tyrant! matched with thine,
As thy own actions if compared to mine.
Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey,
Though mine the sweat and danger of the day.
Some trivial present to my ships I bear,
Or barren praises pay the wounds of war.
But know, proud monarch, I'm thy slave no more:
My fleet shall waft me to Thessalia's shore.
Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,
What spoils, what conquests, shall Atrides gain?"

To this the king: "Fly, mighty warrior! fly,
Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy:
There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight,
And Jove himself shall guard a monarch's right.
Of all the kings (the gods' distinguish'd care)
To pow'r superior none such hatred bear;
Strife and debate thy restless soul employ,
And wars and horrors are thy savage joy.
If thou hast strength, 'twas Heav'n that strength bestow'd,
For know, vain man! thy valor is from God.
Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away,
Rule thy own realms with arbitrary sway:
I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate
Thy short-liv'd friendship, and thy groundless hate.
Go, threat thy earth-born Myrmidons; but here
'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear.
Know, if the god the beauteous dame demand,
My bark shall waft her to her native land;
But then prepare, imperious prince! prepare,
Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair:
E'en in thy tent I'll seize the blooming prize,
Thy lov'd Briseïs, with the radiant eyes.
Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the hour,
Thou stood'st a rival of imperial pow'r;
And hence to all our host it shall be known
That kings are subject to the gods alone."

Achilles heard, with grief and rage oppress'd;
His heart swell'd high, and labor'd in his breast.
Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom rul'd,

Now fir'd by wrath, and now by reason cool'd:
That prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword,
Force thro' the Greeks, and pierce their haughty lord;
This whispers soft, his vengeance to control,
And calm the rising tempest of his soul.
Just as in anguish of suspense he stay'd,
While half unsheath'd appear'd the glitt'ring blade,
Minerva swift descended from above,
Sent by the sister and the wife of Jove
(For both the princes claim'd her equal care);
Behind she stood, and by the golden hair
Achilles seiz'd; to him alone confess'd,
A sable cloud conceal'd her from the rest.
He sees, and sudden to the goddess cries
(Known by the flames that sparkle from her eyes):
"Descends Minerva, in her guardian care,
A heav'nly witness of the wrongs I bear
From Atreus' son? Then let those eyes that view
The daring crime, behold the vengeance too."
"Forbear!" (the progeny of Jove replies)
"To calm thy fury I forsake the skies:
Let great Achilles, to the gods resign'd,
To reason yield the empire o'er his mind.
By awful Juno this command is giv'n;
The king and you are both the care of heav'n.
The force of keen reproaches let him feel,
But sheath, obedient, thy revenging steel.
For I pronounce (and trust a heav'nly pow'r)
Thy injur'd honor has its fated hour,

When the proud monarch shall thy arms implore,
And bribe thy friendship with a boundless store.
Then let revenge no longer bear the sway,
Command thy passions, and the gods obey."
To her Pelides: "With regardful ear,
'Tis just, O goddess! I thy dictates hear.
Hard as it is, my vengeance I suppress:
Those who revere the gods, the gods will bless."
He said, observant of the blue-ey'd maid;
Then in the sheath return'd the shining blade.
The goddess swift to high Olympus flies,
And joins the sacred senate of the skies.
Nor yet the rage his boiling breast forsook,
Which thus redoubling on Atrides broke:
"O monster! mix'd of insolence and fear,
Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!
When wert thou known in ambush'd fights to dare,
Or nobly face the horrid front of war?
'Tis ours, the chance of fighting fields to try,
Thine to look on, and bid the valiant die.
So much 'tis safer through the camp to go,
And rob a subject, than despoil a foe.
Scourge of thy people, violent and base!
Sent in Jove's anger on a slavish race,
Who, lost to sense of generous freedom past,
Are tam'd to wrongs, or this had been thy last.
Now by this sacred sceptre hear me swear,
Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear,
Which, sever'd from the trunk (as I from thee)

On the bare mountains left its parent tree;
This sceptre, form'd by temper'd steel to prove
An ensign of the delegates of Jove,
From whom the pow'r of laws and justice springs
(Tremendous oath! inviolate to kings):
By this I swear, when bleeding Greece again
Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain.
When, flush'd with slaughter, Hector comes to spread
The purpled shore with mountains of the dead,
Then shalt thou mourn th' affront thy madness gave,
Forced to deplore, when impotent to save:
Then rage in bitterness of soul, to know
This act has made the bravest Greek thy foe."
He spoke; and furious hurl'd against the ground
His sceptre starr'd with golden studs around;
Then sternly silent sat. With like disdain,
The raging king return'd his frowns again.
To calm their passion with the words of age,
Slow from his seat arose the Pylian sage.
Experienc'd Nestor, in persuasion skill'd;
Words sweet as honey from his lips distill'd:
Two generations now had pass'd away,
Wise by his rules, and happy by his sway;
Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd,
And now th' example of the third remain'd.
All view'd with awe the venerable man;
Who thus, with mild benevolence, began:
"What shame, what woe, is this to Greece! what joy
To Troy's proud monarch, and the friends of Troy!

That adverse gods commit to stern debate
The best, the bravest of the Grecian state.
Young as you are, this youthful heat restrain,
Nor think your Nestor's years and wisdom vain.
A godlike race of heroes once I knew,
Such as no more these aged eyes shall view!
Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,
Dryas the bold, or Ceneus' deathless name;
Theseus, endued with more than mortal might,
Or Polyphemus, like the gods in fight?
With these of old to toils of battle bred,
In early youth my hardy days I led;
Fir'd with the thirst which virtuous envy breeds,
And smit with love of honorable deeds.
Strongest of men, they pierced the mountain boar,
Ranged the wild deserts red with monsters' gore,
And from their hills the shaggy Centaurs tore.
Yet these with soft persuasive arts I sway'd;
When Nestor spoke, they listen'd and obey'd.
If in my youth, e'en these esteem'd me wise,
Do you, young warriors, hear my age advice.
Atrides, seize not on the beauteous slave;
That prize the Greeks by common suffrage gave:
Nor thou, Achilles, treat our prince with pride;
Let kings be just, and sov'reign pow'r preside.
Thee, the first honors of the war adorn,
Like gods in strength, and of a goddess born;
Him, awful majesty exalts above
The pow'rs of earth, and sceptred sons of Jove.

Let both unite with well-consenting mind,
So shall authority with strength be join'd.
Leave me, O king! to calm Achilles' rage;
Rule thou thyself, as more advanced in age.
Forbid it, gods! Achilles should be lost,
The pride of Greece, and bulwark of our host."

This said, he ceas'd: the king of men replies;
"Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.
But that imperious, that unconquer'd soul,
No laws can limit, no respect control:
Before his pride must his superiors fall,
His word the law, and he the lord of all?
Him must our hosts, our chiefs, ourself obey?
What king can bear a rival in his sway?
Grant that the gods his matchless force have giv'n;
Has foul reproach a privilege from heav'n?"

Here on the monarch's speech Achilles broke,
And furious, thus, and interrupting, spoke:
"Tyrant, I well deserv'd thy galling chain,
To live thy slave, and still to serve in vain,
Should I submit to each unjust decree:
Command thy vassals, but command not me.
Seize on Briseïs, whom the Grecians doom'd
My prize of war, yet tamely see resum'd;
And seize secure; no more Achilles draws
His conqu'ring sword in any woman's cause.
The gods command me to forgive the past;
But let this first invasion be the last:
For know, thy blood, when next thou dar'st invade,

Shall stream in vengeance on my reeking blade."
At this they ceas'd; the stern debate expir'd:
The chiefs in sullen majesty retir'd.
Achilles with Patroclus took his way,
Where near his tents his hollow vessels lay.
Mean time Atrides launch'd with numerous oars
A well-rigg'd ship for Chrysa's sacred shores:
High on the deck was fair Chryseïs plac'd,
And sage Ulysses with the conduct grac'd:
Safe in her sides the hecatomb they stow'd,
Then, swiftly sailing, cut the liquid road.
The host to expiate, next the king prepares,
With pure lustrations and with solemn pray'rs.
Wash'd by the briny wave, the pious train
Are cleans'd; and cast th' ablutions in the main.
Along the shores whole hecatombs were laid,
And bulls and goats to Phœbus' altars paid.
The sable fumes in curling spires arise,
And waft their grateful odors to the skies.
The army thus in sacred rites engaged,
Atrides still with deep resentment raged.
To wait his will two sacred heralds stood,
Talthybius and Eurybates the good.
"Haste to the fierce Achilles' tent" (he cries),
"Thence bear Briseïs as our royal prize:
Submit he must; or, if they will not part,
Ourself in arms shall tear her from his heart."
Th' unwilling heralds act their lord's commands;
Pensive they walk along the barren sands:

Arriv'd, the hero in his tent they find,
With gloomy aspect, on his arm reclin'd.
At awful distance long they silent stand,
Loath to advance, or speak their hard command;
Decent confusion! This the godlike man
Perceiv'd, and thus with accent mild began:
"With leave and honor enter our abodes,
Ye sacred ministers of men and gods!
I know your message; by constraint you came;
Not you, but your imperious lord, I blame.
Patroclus, haste, the fair Briseïs bring;
Conduct my captive to the haughty king.
But witness, heralds, and proclaim my vow,
Witness to gods above, and men below!
But first, and loudest, to your prince declare,
That lawless tyrant whose commands you bear;
Unmov'd as death Achilles shall remain,
Though prostrate Greece should bleed at every vein:
The raging chief in frantic passion lost,
Blind to himself, and useless to his host,
Unskill'd to judge the future by the past,
In blood and slaughter shall repent at last."
Patroclus now th' unwilling beauty brought;
She, in soft sorrows, and in pensive thought,
Pass'd silent, as the heralds held her hand,
And oft look'd back, slow-moving o'er the strand.
Not so his loss the fierce Achilles bore;
But sad retiring to the sounding shore,
O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,

That kindred deep from whence his mother sprung;
There, bath'd in tears of anger and disdain,
Thus loud lamented to the stormy main:
"O parent goddess! since in early bloom
Thy son must fall, by too severe a doom;
Sure, to so short a race of glory born,
Great Jove in justice should this span adorn.
Honor and fame at least the Thunderer owed;
And ill he pays the promise of a god,
If yon proud monarch thus thy son defies,
Obscures my glories, and resumes my prize."
Far in the deep recesses of the main,
Where aged Ocean holds his watery reign,
The goddess-mother heard. The waves divide;
And like a mist she rose above the tide;
Beheld him mourning on the naked shores,
And thus the sorrows of his soul explores:
"Why grieves my son? thy anguish let me share,
Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care."
He deeply sighing said: "To tell my woe,
Is but to mention what too well you know.
From Thebè, sacred to Apollo's name
(Eëtion's realm), our conqu'ring army came,
With treasure loaded and triumphant spoils,
Whose just division crown'd the soldier's toils;
But bright Chryseïs, heav'nly prize! was led
By vote selected to the general's bed.
The priest of Phœbus sought by gifts to gain
His beauteous daughter from the victor's chain;

The fleet he reach'd, and, lowly bending down,
Held forth the sceptre and the laurel crown,
Entreating all; but chief implor'd for grace
The brother-kings of Atreus' royal race:
The gen'rous Greeks their joint consent declare,
The priest to reverence, and release the fair.
Not so Atrides: he, with wonted pride,
The sire insulted, and his gifts denied:
Th' insulted sire (his god's peculiar care)
To Phœbus pray'd, and Phœbus heard the pray'r:
A dreadful plague ensues; th' avenging darts
Incessant fly, and pierce the Grecian hearts.
A prophet then, inspir'd by heaven, arose,
And points the crime, and thence derives the woes:
Myself the first th' assembled chiefs incline
T' avert the vengeance of the pow'r divine;
Then, rising in his wrath, the monarch storm'd;
Incens'd he threaten'd, and his threats perform'd:
The fair Chryseïs to her sire was sent,
With offer'd gifts to make the god relent;
But now he seiz'd Briseïs' heav'nly charms,
And of my valor's prize defrauds my arms,
Defrauds the votes of all the Grecian train;
And service, faith, and justice, plead in vain.
But, goddess! thou thy suppliant son attend,
To high Olympus' shining court ascend,
Urge all the ties to former service ow'd,
And sue for vengeance to the thundering god.
Oft hast thou triumph'd in the glorious boast

That thou stood'st forth, of all the ethereal host,
When bold rebellion shook the realms above,
Th' undaunted guard of cloud-compelling Jove.
When the bright partner of his awful reign,
The warlike maid, and monarch of the main,
The traitor-gods, by mad ambition driv'n,
Durst threat with chains th' omnipotence of heav'n.
Then call'd by thee, the monster Titan came
(Whom gods Briareus, men Ægeon name);
Through wondering skies enormous stalk'd along;
Not he that shakes the solid earth so strong:
With giant-pride at Jove's high throne he stands,
And brandish'd round him all his hundred hands.
Th' affrighted gods confess'd their awful lord,
They dropp'd the fetters, trembled and ador'd.
This, goddess, this to his rememb'rance call,
Embrace his knees, at his tribunal fall;
Conjure him far to drive the Grecian train,
To hurl them headlong to their fleet and main,
To heap the shores with copious death, and bring
The Greeks to know the curse of such a king:
Let Agamemnon lift his haughty head
O'er all his wide dominion of the dead,
And mourn in blood, that e'er he durst disgrace
The boldest warrior of the Grecian race."
"Unhappy son!" (fair Thetis thus replies,
While tears celestial trickle from her eyes),
"Why have I borne thee with a mother's throes,
To fates averse, and nurs'd for future woes?

So short a space the light of heav'n to view!
So short a space! and fill'd with sorrow too!
O might a parent's careful wish prevail,
Far, far from Ilion should thy vessels sail,
And thou, from camps remote, the danger shun,
Which now, alas! too nearly threats my son.
Yet (what I can) to move thy suit I'll go
To great Olympus crown'd with fleecy snow.
Meantime, secure within thy ships from far
Behold the field, nor mingle in the war.
The sire of gods, and all th' ethereal train,
On the warm limits of the farthest main,
Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace
The feast of Æthiopia's blameless race:
Twelve days the pow'rs indulge the genial rite,
Returning with the twelfth revolving light.
Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move
The high tribunal of immortal Jove."

The goddess spoke: the rolling waves unclose;
Then down the deep she plunged, from whence she rose,
And left him sorrowing on the lonely coast
In wild resentment for the fair he lost.

In Chrysa's port now sage Ulysses rode;
Beneath the deck the destin'd victims stow'd:
The sails they furl'd, they lash'd the mast aside,
And dropp'd their anchors, and the pinnace tied.
Next on the shore their hecatomb they land,
Chryseïs last descending on the strand.
Her, thus returning from the furrow'd main,

Ulysses led to Phœbus' sacred fane;
Where at his solemn altar, as the maid
He gave to Chryses, thus the hero said:
"Hail, reverend priest! to Phœbus' awful dome
A suppliant I from great Atrides come:
Unransom'd here receive the spotless fair;
Accept the hecatomb the Greeks prepare;
And may thy god, who scatters darts around,
Aton'd by sacrifice, desist to wound."
At this the sire embraced the maid again,
So sadly lost, so lately sought in vain.
Then near the altar of the darting king,
Dispos'd in rank their hecatomb they bring:
With water purify their hands, and take
The sacred offering of the salted cake;
While thus with arms devoutly raised in air,
And solemn voice, the priest directs his prayer:
"God of the silver bow, thy ear incline,
Whose power encircles Cilla the divine;
Whose sacred eye thy Tenedos surveys,
And gilds fair Chrysa with distinguish'd rays!
If, fir'd to vengeance at thy priest's request.
Thy direful darts inflict the raging pest;
Once more attend! avert the wasteful woe,
And smile propitious, and unbend thy bow."
So Chryses pray'd, Apollo heard his prayer:
And now the Greeks their hecatomb prepare;
Between their horns the salted barley threw,
And with their heads to heaven the victims slew:

The limbs they sever from th' inclosing hide;
The thighs, selected to the gods, divide:
On these, in double cauls involved with art,
The choicest morsels lay from every part.
The priest himself before his altar stands,
And burns the offering with his holy hands,
Pours the black wine, and sees the flame aspire;
The youths with instruments surround the fire:
The thighs thus sacrificed, and entrails drest,
Th' assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest:
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.
When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
With pure libations they conclude the feast;
The youths with wine the copious goblets crown'd,
And, pleas'd, dispense the flowing bowls around.
With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends,
The Pæans lengthen'd till the sun descends:
The Greeks, restor'd, the grateful notes prolong:
Apollo listens, and approves the song.
'Twas night; the chiefs beside their vessel lie,
Till rosy morn had purpled o'er the sky:
Then launch, and hoist the mast; indulgent gales
Supplied by Phœbus, fill the swelling sails;
The milk-white canvas bellying as they blow,
The parted ocean foams and roars below:
Above the bounding billows swift they flew,
Till now the Grecian camp appear'd in view.
Far on the beach they haul their barks to land

(The crooked keel divides the yellow sand),
Then part, where stretch'd along the winding bay
The ships and tents in mingled prospect lay.
But, raging still, amidst his navy sat
The stern Achilles, steadfast in his hate;
Nor mix'd in combat, nor in council join'd;
But wasting cares lay heavy on his mind:
In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll,
And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul.
Twelve days were past, and now the dawning light
The gods had summon'd to th' Olympian height:
Jove, first ascending from the watery bowers,
Leads the long order of ethereal powers.
When like the morning mist, in early day,
Rose from the flood the daughter of the sea;
And to the seats divine her flight address'd.
There, far apart, and high above the rest,
The Thunderer sat; where old Olympus shrouds
His hundred heads in heaven, and props the clouds.
Suppliant the goddess stood: one hand she placed
Beneath his beard, and one his knees embraced.
"If e'er, O father of the gods!" she said,
"My words could please thee, or my actions aid,
Some marks of honor on my son bestow,
And pay in glory what in life you owe.
Fame is at least by heavenly promise due
To life so short, and now dishonor'd too.
Avenge this wrong, oh ever just and wise!
Let Greece be humbled, and the Trojans rise;

Till the proud king, and all th' Achaian race,
Shall heap with honors him they now disgrace."
Thus Thetis spoke, but Jove in silence held
The sacred councils of his breast conceal'd.
Not so repuls'd, the goddess closer press'd,
Still grasp'd his knees, and urged the dear request.
"O sire of gods and men! thy suppliant hear,
Refuse, or grant; for what has Jove to fear?
Or, oh! declare, of all the powers above,
Is wretched Thetis least the care of Jove?"
She said, and sighing thus the god replies,
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies:
"What hast thou ask'd? Ah why should Jove engage
In foreign contests, and domestic rage,
The gods' complaints, and Juno's fierce alarms,
While I, too partial, aid the Trojan arms?
Go, lest the haughty partner of my sway
With jealous eyes thy close access survey;
But part in peace, secure thy prayer is sped:
Witness the sacred honors of our head,
The nod that ratifies the will divine,
The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable sign;
This seals thy suit, and this fulfils thy vows —"
He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows;
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod;
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god:
High heaven with trembling the dread signal took,
And all Olympus to the centre shook.
Swift to the seas profound the goddess flies,

Jove to his starry mansion in the skies.
The shining synod of th' immortals wait
The coming god, and from their thrones of state
Arising silent, rapt in holy fear,
Before the majesty of heaven appear.
Trembling they stand, while Jove assumes the throne,
All, but the god's imperious queen alone:
Late had she view'd the silver-footed dame,
And all her passions kindled into flame.
"Say, artful manager of heaven" (she cries),
"Who now partakes the secrets of the skies?
Thy Juno knows not the decrees of fate,
In vain the partner of imperial state.
What fav'rite goddess then those cares divides,
Which Jove in prudence from his consort hides?"
To this the Thunderer: "Seek not thou to find
The sacred counsels of almighty mind:
Involv'd in darkness lies the great decree,
Nor can the depths of fate be pierced by thee.
What fits thy knowledge, thou the first shalt know:
The first of gods above and men below:
But thou, nor they, shall search the thoughts that roll
Deep in the close recesses of my soul."
Full on the sire, the goddess of the skies
Roll'd the large orbs of her majestic eyes,
And thus return'd: "Austere Saturnius, say,
From whence this wrath, or who controls thy sway?
Thy boundless will, for me, remains in force,
And all thy counsels take the destin'd course.

But 'tis for Greece I fear: for late was seen
In close consult the silver-footed queen.
Jove to his Thetis nothing could deny,
Nor was the signal vain that shook the sky.
What fatal favor has the goddess won,
To grace her fierce inexorable son?
Perhaps in Grecian blood to drench the plain,
And glut his vengeance with my people slain."
Then thus the god: "Oh restless fate of pride,
That strives to learn what heaven resolves to hide;
Vain is the search, presumptuous and abhorr'd,
Anxious to thee, and odious to thy lord.
Let this suffice: th' immutable decree
No force can shake: what *is*, that *ought* to be.
Goddess submit, nor dare our will withstand,
But dread the power of this avenging hand;
Th' united strength of all the gods above
In vain resists th' omnipotence of Jove."
The Thunderer spoke, nor durst the queen reply;
A reverend horror silenced all the sky.
The feast disturb'd, with sorrow Vulcan saw
His mother menaced, and the gods in awe;
Peace at his heart, and pleasure his design,
Thus interpos'd the architect divine:
"The wretched quarrels of the mortal state
Are far unworthy, gods! of your debate:
Let men their days in senseless strife employ,
We, in eternal peace, and constant joy.
Thou, goddess-mother, with our sire comply,

Nor break the sacred union of the sky:
Lest, rous'd to rage, he shake the blest abodes,
Launch the red lightning, and dethrone the gods.
If you submit, the Thunderer stands appeas'd;
The gracious power is willing to be pleas'd."
Thus Vulcan spoke; and, rising with a bound,
The double bowl with sparkling nectar crown'd,
Which held to Juno in a cheerful way,
"Goddess," (he cried), "be patient and obey.
Dear as you are, if Jove his arm extend,
I can but grieve, unable to defend.
What god so daring in your aid to move,
Or lift his hand against the force of Jove?
Once in your cause I felt his matchless might,
Hurl'd headlong downward from th' etherial height;
Toss'd all the day in rapid circles round;
Nor, till the sun descended, touch'd the ground:
Breathless I fell, in giddy motion lost;
The Sinthians raised me on the Lemnian coast."
He said, and to her hands the goblet heav'd,
Which, with a smile, the white-arm'd queen receiv'd.
Then to the rest he fill'd; and, in his turn,
Each to his lips applied the nectar'd urn.
Vulcan with awkward grace his office plies,
And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies.
Thus the blest gods the genial day prolong,
In feasts ambrosial, and celestial song.
Apollo tun'd the lyre; the muses round
With voice alternate aid the silver sound.

Meantime the radiant sun, to mortal sight
Descending swift, roll'd down the rapid light.
Then to their starry domes the gods depart,
The shining monuments of Vulcan's art:
Jove on his couch reclin'd his awful head,
And Juno slumber'd on the golden bed.

ARGUMENT.

BOOKS II.–V.

THE contest between the opposing nations is renewed. Zeus, in accordance with the request of Thetis, and that the Greeks may realize the loss of Achilles, persuades Agamemnon to move against Troy, and, after the famous catalogue of forces, princes, and provinces, the rival armies are drawn up once more in opposition. It is decided, however, to leave the result of the war to a single combat between Menelaus and Paris. In this the latter is overcome, but saved from death by Thetis who, snatching him away in a cloud, conveys him to his chamber and calls Helen to attend him. The truce is now broken and the fighting becomes general; such being the will of the Gods in council, Thetis, Apollo, and Mars actively assisting the Trojans, while Juno and Minerva engage upon the side of the Greeks. Among the former, Sarpedon, Æneas, and Hector excel all others in deeds of bravery, Agamemnon distinguishes himself in all the parts of a good general, Nestor is celebrated for his military discipline, and Diomed performs prodigies of valor only equalled by the great Achilles himself.

The twenty-third day continues through all four books, the scene being now the Grecian camp, now the seashore or the Trojan field, now the city itself.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE EPISODES OF GLAUCUS AND DIOMED, AND OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

The gods having left the field, the Grecians prevail. Helenus, the chief augur of Troy, commands Hector to return to the city, in order to appoint a solemn procession of the queen and the Trojan matrons to the temple of Minerva, to entreat her to remove Diomed from the fight. The battle relaxing during the absence of Hector, Glaucus and Diomed have an interview between the two armies; where, coming to the knowledge of the friendship and hospitality past between their ancestors, they make exchange of their arms. Hector, having performed the orders of Helenus, prevailed upon Paris to return to the battle, and taken a tender leave of his wife Andromache, hastens again to the field.

The scene is first in the field of battle, between the river Simoïs and Scamander, and then changes to Troy.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK VI.

Now heaven forsakes the fight; th' immortals yield
To human force and human skill the field:
Dark showers of javelins fly from foes to foes;
Now here, now there, the tide of combat flows;
While Troy's fam'd streams, that bound the deathful plain,
On either side run purple to the main.
Great Ajax first to conquest led the way,
Broke the thick ranks, and turn'd the doubtful day.
The Thracian Acamas his falchion found,
And hew'd th' enormous giant to the ground;
His thundering arm a deadly stroke impress'd
Where the black horse-hair nodded o'er his crest:
Fix'd in his front the brazen weapon lies,
And seals in endless shades his swimming eyes.
Next Teuthras' son distain'd the sands with blood,
Axylus, hospitable, rich, and good:
In fair Arisba's walls (his native place)
He held his seat; a friend to human race.
Fast by the road, his ever-open door
Obliged the wealthy, and reliev'd the poor.

To stern Tydides now he falls a prey,
No friend to guard him in the dreadful day!
Breathless the good man fell, and by his side
His faithful servant, old Calesius, died.
By great Euryalus was Dresus slain,
And next he laid Opheltius on the plain.
Two twins were near, bold, beautiful, and young,
From a fair Naiad and Bucolion sprung:
(Laomedon's white flocks Bucolion fed,
That monarch's first-born by a foreign bed;
In secret woods he won the Naiad's grace,
And two fair infants crown'd his strong embrace:)
Here dead they lay in all their youthful charms;
The ruthless victor stripp'd their shining arms.
Astyalus by Polypœtes fell;
Ulysses' spear Pidytes sent to hell;
By Teucer's shaft brave Aretaön bled,
And Nestor's son laid stern Ablerus dead;
Great Agamemnon, leader of the brave,
The mortal wound of rich Elatus gave,
Who held in Pedasus his proud abode,
And till'd the banks where silver Satnio flow'd.
Melanthius by Eurypylus was slain;
And Phylacus from Leitus flies in vain.
Unbless'd Adrastus next at mercy lies
Beneath the Spartan spear, a living prize.
Scar'd with the din and tumult of the fight,
His headlong steeds, precipitate in flight,
Rush'd on a tamarisk's strong trunk, and broke

The shatter'd chariot from the crooked yoke:
Wide o'er the field, resistless as the wind,
For Troy they fly, and leave their lord behind.
Prone on his face he sinks beside the wheel:
Atrides o'er him shakes his vengeful steel;
The fallen chief in suppliant posture press'd
The victor's knees, and thus his prayer address'd:
"Oh spare my youth, and for the life I owe
Large gifts of price my father shall bestow:
When fame shall tell, that not in battle slain
Thy hollow ships his captive son detain,
Rich heaps of brass shall in thy tent be told,
And steel well-temper'd, and persuasive gold."
He said: compassion touch'd the hero's heart;
He stood suspended with the lifted dart:
As pity pleaded for his vanquish'd prize,
Stern Agamemnon swift to vengeance flies,
And furious thus: "Oh impotent of mind!
Shall these, shall these, Atrides' mercy find?
Well hast thou known proud Troy's perfidious land,
And well her natives merit at thy hand!
Not one of all the race, nor sex, nor age,
Shall save a Trojan from our boundless rage:
Ilion shall perish whole, and bury all;
Her babes, her infants at the breast, shall fall.
A dreadful lesson of exampled fate,
To warn the nations, and to curb the great."
The monarch spoke; the words, with warmth address'd,
To rigid justice steel'd his brother's breast.

Fierce from his knees the hapless chief he thrust;
The monarch's javelin stretch'd him in the dust.
Then, pressing with his foot his panting heart,
Forth from the slain he tugg'd the reeking dart.
Old Nestor saw, and rous'd the warriors' rage;
"Thus, heroes! thus the vigorous combat wage!
No son of Mars descend, for servile gains,
To touch the booty, while a foe remains.
Behold yon glittering host, your future spoil!
First gain the conquest, then reward the toil."
And now had Greece eternal fame acquir'd,
And frighted Troy within her walls retir'd;
Had not sage Helenus her state redress'd,
Taught by the gods that mov'd his sacred breast:
Where Hector stood, with great Æneas join'd,
The seer reveal'd the counsels of his mind:
"Ye generous chiefs! on whom th' immortals lay
The cares and glories of this doubtful day,
On whom your aids, your country's hopes depend,
Wise to consult, and active to defend!
Here, at our gates, your brave efforts unite,
Turn back the routed, and forbid the flight;
Ere yet their wives' soft arms the cowards gain,
The sport and insult of the hostile train.
When your commands have hearten'd every band,
Ourselves, here fix'd, will make the dang'rous stand;
Press'd as we are, and sore of former fight,
These straits demand our last remains of might.
Meanwhile, thou, Hector, to the town retire,

And teach our mother what the gods require:
Direct the queen to lead th' assembled train
Of Troy's chief matrons to Minerva's fane;
Unbar the sacred gates, and seek the power
With offer'd vows, in Ilion's topmost tower.
The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold,
Most priz'd for art, and labor'd o'er with gold,
Before the goddess' honor'd knees be spread;
And twelve young heifers to her altars led.
If so the power, aton'd by fervent prayer,
Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,
And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,
That mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.
Not thus Achilles taught our hosts to dread,
Sprung though he was from more than mortal bed;
Not thus resistless rul'd the stream of fight,
In rage unbounded, and unmatch'd in might."
Hector obedient heard; and, with a bound,
Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground;
Through all his host, inspiring force, he flies,
And bids the thunder of the battle rise.
With rage recruited the bold Trojans glow,
And turn the tide of conflict on the foe:
Fierce in the front he shakes two dazzling spears;
All Greece recedes, and midst her triumph fears:
Some god, they thought, who rul'd the fate of wars,
Shot down avenging, from the vault of stars.
Then thus, aloud: "Ye dauntless Dardans, hear!
And you whom distant nations send to war;

Be mindful of the strength your fathers bore;
Be still yourselves, and Hector asks no more.
One hour demands me in the Trojan wall,
To bid our altars flame, and victims fall:
Nor shall, I trust, the matrons' holy train,
And reverend elders, seek the gods in vain."

This said, with ample strides the hero pass'd;
The shield's large orb behind his shoulder cast,
His neck o'ershading, to his ankle hung;
And as he march'd the brazen buckler rung.

Now paus'd the battle, (godlike Hector gone),
When daring Glaucus and great Tydeus' son
Between both armies met; the chiefs from far
Observ'd each other, and had mark'd for war.
Near as they drew, Tydides thus began:

"What art thou, boldest of the race of man?
Our eyes, till now, that aspect ne'er beheld,
Where fame is reap'd amid th' embattled field;
Yet far before the troops thou dar'st appear,
And meet a lance the fiercest heroes fear.
Unhappy they, and born of luckless sires,
Who tempt our fury when Minerva fires!
But if from heaven, celestial, thou descend,
Know, with immortals we no more contend.
Not long Lycurgus view'd the golden light,
That daring man who mix'd with gods in fight;
Bacchus, and Bacchus' votaries, he drove
With brandish'd steel from Nyssa's sacred grove;
Their consecrated spears lay scatter'd round,

With curling vines and twisted ivy bound;
While Bacchus headlong sought the briny flood,
And Thetis' arms received the trembling god.
Nor fail'd the crime th' immortals' wrath to move,
(Th' immortals bless'd with endless ease above);
Depriv'd of sight, by their avenging doom,
Cheerless he breath'd, and wander'd in the gloom:
Then sunk unpitied to the dire abodes,
A wretch accurs'd, and hated by the gods!
I brave not heaven; but if the fruits of earth
Sustain thy life, and human be thy birth,
Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,
Approach, and enter the dark gates of death."
"What, or from whence I am, or who my sire,"
(Replied the chief), "can Tydeus' son inquire?
Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground:
Another race the following spring supplies,
They fall successive, and successive rise;
So generations in their course decay,
So flourish these, when those are past away.
But if thou still persist to search my birth,
Then hear a tale that fills the spacious earth:
A city stands on Argos' utmost bound;
(Argos the fair, for warlike steeds renown'd);
Æolian Sisyphus, with wisdom bless'd,
In ancient time the happy walls possess'd,
Then call'd Ephyré: Glaucus was his son;
Great Glaucus, father of Bellerophon,

Who o'er the sons of men in beauty shin'd,
Lov'd for that valor which preserves mankind.
Then mighty Prœtus Argos' sceptre sway'd,
Whose hard commands Bellerophon obey'd.
With direful jealousy the monarch rag'd,
And the brave prince in numerous toils engag'd.
For him, Antea burn'd with lawless flame,
And strove to tempt him from the paths of fame:
In vain she tempted the relentless youth,
Endued with wisdom, sacred fear, and truth.
Fir'd at his scorn, the queen to Prœtus fled,
And begg'd revenge for her insulted bed:
Incens'd he heard, resolving on his fate;
But hospitable laws restrain'd his hate:
To Lycia the devoted youth he sent,
With tablets seal'd, that told his dire intent.
Now, bless'd by every power who guards the good,
The chief arriv'd at Xanthus' silver flood:
There Lycia's monarch paid him honors due;
Nine days he feasted, and nine bulls he slew.
But when the tenth bright morning orient glow'd,
The faithful youth his monarch's mandate shew'd:
The fatal tablets, till that instant seal'd,
The deathful secret to the king reveal'd.
First, dire Chimæra's conquest was enjoin'd;
A mingled monster, of no mortal kind;
Behind, a dragon's fiery tail was spread;
A goat's rough body bore a lion's head;
Her pitchy nostrils flaky flames expire;

Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.
This pest he slaughter'd; (for he read the skies,
And trusted heaven's informing prodigies);
Then met in arms the Solymæan crew,
(Fiercest of men), and those the warrior slew.
Next the bold Amazons' whole force defied;
And conquer'd still, for heaven was on his side.
Nor ended here his toils: his Lycian foes,
At his return, a treacherous ambush rose,
With levell'd spears along the winding shore:
There fell they breathless, and return'd no more.
At length the monarch with repentant grief
Confess'd the gods, and god-descended chief;
His daughter gave, the stranger to detain,
With half the honors of his ample reign.
The Lycians grant a chosen space of ground,
With woods, with vineyards, and with harvests crown'd.
There long the chief his happy lot possess'd,
With two brave sons and one fair daughter bless'd:
(Fair e'en in heavenly eyes; her fruitful love
Crown'd with Sarpedon's birth th' embrace of Jove.)
But when at last, distracted in his mind,
Forsook by heaven, forsaking human kind,
Wide o'er th' Aleian field he chose to stray,
A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way!
Woes heap'd on woes consum'd his wasted heart;
His beauteous daughter fell by Phœbe's dart;
His eldest-born by raging Mars was slain,
In combat on the Solymæan plain.

Hippolochus surviv'd; from him I came,
The honor'd author of my birth and name;
By his decree I sought the Trojan town,
By his instructions learn to win renown;
To stand the first in worth as in command,
To add new honors to my native land;
Before my eyes my mighty sires to place,
And emulate the glories of our race."
He spoke, and transport fill'd Tydides' heart;
In earth the generous warrior fix'd his dart,
Then friendly, thus, the Lycian prince address'd:
"Welcome, my brave hereditary guest!
Thus ever let us meet with kind embrace,
Nor stain the sacred friendship of our race.
Know, chief, our grandsires have been guests of old,
Œneus the strong, Bellerophon the bold;
Our ancient seat his honor'd presence grac'd,
Where twenty days in genial rites he pass'd.
The parting heroes mutual presents left;
A golden goblet was thy grandsire's gift;
Œneus a belt of matchless work bestow'd,
That rich with Tyrian dye refulgent glow'd.
(This from his pledge I learn'd, which, safely stor'd
Among my treasures, still adorns my board:
For Tydeus left me young, when Thebé's wall
Beheld the sons of Greece untimely fall.)
Mindful of this, in friendship let us join;
If heaven our steps to foreign lands incline,
My guest in Argos thou, and I in Lycia thine.

Enough of Trojans to this lance shall yield,
In the full harvest of yon ample field;
Enough of Greeks shall dye thy spear with gore;
But thou and Diomed be foes no more.
Now change we arms, and prove to either host
We guard the friendship of the line we boast."
Thus having said, the gallant chiefs alight,
Their hands they join, their mutual faith they plight;
Brave Glaucus then each narrow thought resign'd;
(Jove warm'd his bosom and enlarg'd his mind);
For Diomed's brass arms, of mean device,
For which nine oxen paid, (a vulgar price);
He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought;
A hundred beeves the shining purchase bought.
Meantime the guardian of the Trojan state,
Great Hector, enter'd at the Scæan gate.
Beneath the beech-trees' consecrated shades,
The Trojan matrons and the Trojan maids
Around him flock'd, all press'd with pious care
For husbands, brothers, sons, engag'd in war.
He bids the train in long procession go,
And seek the gods, t' avert th' impending woe.
And now to Priam's stately courts he came,
Rais'd on arch'd columns of stupendous frame;
O'er these a range of marble structure runs;
The rich pavilions of his fifty sons,
In fifty chambers lodged: and rooms of state
Oppos'd to those, where Priam's daughters sat:
Twelve domes for them and their lov'd spouses shone,

Of equal beauty, and of polish'd stone.
Hither great Hector pass'd, nor pass'd unseen
Of royal Hecuba, his mother queen.
(With her Laodicè, whose beauteous face
Surpass'd the nymphs of Troy's illustrious race.)
Long in a strict embrace she held her son,
And press'd his hand, and tender thus begun
"O Hector! say, what great occasion calls
My son from fight, when Greece surrounds our walls?
Com'st thou to supplicate th' almighty power,
With lifted hands from Ilion's lofty tower?
Stay, till I bring the cup with Bacchus crown'd,
In Jove's high name, to sprinkle on the ground,
And pay due vows to all the gods around.
Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul,
And draw new spirits from the generous bowl;
Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,
The brave defender of thy country's right."
"Far hence be Bacchus' gifts," (the chief rejoin'd);
"Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind.
Let chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice,
To sprinkle to the gods, its better use.
By me that holy office were profan'd;
Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd,
To the pure skies these horrid hands to raise,
Or offer heaven's great sire polluted praise.
You, with your matrons, go, a spotless train!
And burn rich odors in Minerva's fane.

The largest mantle your full wardrobes hold,
Most priz'd for art, and labor'd o'er with gold,
Before the goddess' honor'd knees be spread,
And twelve young heifers to her altar led.
So may the power, aton'd by fervent prayer,
Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,
And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,
Who mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.
Be this, O mother, your religious care;
I go to rouse soft Paris to the war;
If yet, not lost to all the sense of shame,
The recreant warrior hear the voice of fame.
Oh would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,
That pest of Troy, that ruin of our race!
Deep to the dark abyss might he descend,
Troy yet should flourish, and my sorrows end."
This heard, she gave command; and summon'd came
Each noble matron, and illustrious dame.
The Phrygian queen to her rich wardrobe went,
Where treasur'd odors breath'd a costly scent.
There lay the vestures of no vulgar art,
Sidonian maids embroider'd every part,
Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore,
With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.
Here as the queen revolv'd with careful eyes
The various textures and the various dyes,
She chose a veil that shone superior far,
And glow'd refulgent as the morning star.
Herself with this the long procession leads;

The train majestically slow proceeds.
Soon as to Ilion's topmost tower they come,
And awful reach the high Palladian dome,
Antenor's consort, fair Theano, waits
As Pallas' priestess, and unbars the gates.
With hands uplifted, and imploring eyes,
They fill the dome with supplicating cries.
The priestess then the shining veil displays,
Placed on Minerva's knees, and thus she prays:
"Oh awful goddess! ever-dreadful maid,
Troy's strong defence, unconquer'd Pallas, aid!
Break thou Tydides' spear, and let him fall
Prone on the dust before the Trojan wall.
So twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,
Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke.
But thou, aton'd by penitence and prayer,
Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare!"
So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane;
So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.
While these appear before the power with prayers,
Hector to Paris' lofty dome repairs.
Himself the mansion rais'd, from every part
Assembling architects of matchless art.
Near Priam's court and Hector's palace stands
The pompous structure, and the town commands.
A spear the hero bore of wondrous strength,
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length;
The steely point with golden ringlets join'd,
Before him brandish'd, at each motion shin'd.

Thus entering, in the glittering rooms he found
His brother-chief, whose useless arms lay round,
His eyes delighting with their splendid show,
Bright'ning the shield, and polishing the bow.
Beside him Helen with her virgins stands,
Guides their rich labors, and instructs their hands.
Him thus inactive, with an ardent look
The prince beheld, and high resenting spoke:
"Thy hate to Troy is this the time to shew?
(Oh wretch ill-fated, and thy country's foe!)
Paris and Greece against us both conspire,
Thy close resentment, and their vengeful ire.
For thee great Ilion's guardian heroes fall,
Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall;
For thee the soldier bleeds, the matron mourns,
And wasteful war in all its fury burns.
Ungrateful man! deserves not this thy care,
Our troops to hearten, and our toils to share?
Rise, or behold the conquering flames ascend,
And all the Phrygian glories at an end."
"Brother, 'tis just," (replied the beauteous youth),
"Thy free remonstrance proves thy worth and truth:
Yet charge my absence less, oh generous chief!
On hate to Troy, than conscious shame and grief.
Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother sat,
And mourn'd in secret his and Ilion's fate.
'Tis now enough: now glory spreads her charms,
And beauteous Helen calls her chief to arms.
Conquest to-day my happier sword may bless,

'Tis man's to fight, but heaven's to give success.
But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind;
Or go, and Paris shall not lag behind."
He said, nor answer'd Priam's warlike son;
When Helen thus with lowly grace begun:
"Oh generous brother! if the guilty dame
That caus'd these woes deserves a sister's name!
Would heaven, ere all these dreadful deeds were done,
The day that shew'd me to the golden sun
Had seen my death! Why did not whirlwinds bear
The fatal infant to the fowls of air?
Why sunk I not beneath the whelming tide,
And midst the roarings of the waters died?
Heaven fill'd up all my ills, and I accurs'd
Bore all, and Paris of those ills the worst.
Helen at least a braver spouse might claim,
Warm'd with some virtue, some regard of fame!
Now, tired with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,
With toils sustain'd for Paris' sake and mine:
The gods have link'd our miserable doom,
Our present woe and infamy to come:
Wide shall it spread, and last through ages long,
Example sad! and theme of future song."
The chief replied: "This time forbids to rest:
The Trojan bands, by hostile fury press'd,
Demand their Hector, and his arm require;
The combat urges, and my soul's on fire.
Urge thou thy knight to march where glory calls,
And timely join me, ere I leave the walls.

Ere yet I mingle in the direful fray,
My wife, my infant, claim a moment's stay:
This day (perhaps the last that sees me here)
Demands a parting word, a tender tear:
This day some god, who hates our Trojan land,
May vanquish Hector by a Grecian hand."
He said, and pass'd with sad presaging heart
To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part;
At home he sought her, but he sought in vain:
She, with one maid of all her menial train,
Had thence retir'd; and, with her second joy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy,
Pensive she stood on Ilion's towery height,
Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight;
There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore,
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.
But he who found not whom his soul desir'd,
Whose virtue charm'd him as her beauty fir'd,
Stood in the gates, and ask'd what way she bent
Her parting steps? If to the fane she went,
Where late the mourning matrons made resort;
Or sought her sisters in the Trojan court?
"Not to the court," (replied th' attendant train),
"Nor, mix'd with matrons, to Minerva's fane:
To Ilion's steepy tower she bent her way,
To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.
Troy fled, she heard, before the Grecian sword:
She heard, and trembled for her distant lord;
Distracted with surprise, she seem'd to fly,

Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye.
The nurse attended with her infant boy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy."
Hector, this heard, return'd without delay;
Swift through the town he trod his former way,
Through streets of palaces and walks of state;
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.
With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
His blameless wife, Eëtion's wealthy heir
(Cicilian Thebé great Eëtion sway'd,
And Hippoplacus' wide-extended shade):
The nurse stood near, in whose embraces press'd,
His only hope hung smiling at her breast,
Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.
To this lov'd infant Hector gave the name
Scamandrius, from Scamander's honor'd stream:
Astyanax the Trojans call'd the boy,
From his great father, the defence of Troy.
Silent the warrior smil'd, and, pleas'd, resign'd
To tender passions all his mighty mind:
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;
Her bosom labor'd with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.
"Too daring prince! ah whither dost thou run?
Ah too forgetful of thy wife and son!
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
A widow I, a helpless orphan he!

For sure such courage length of life denies,
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!
Oh grant me, gods! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of heaven, an early tomb!
So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
And end with sorrows as they first begun.
No parent now remains, my griefs to share,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,
Laid Thebé waste, and slew my warlike sire!
His fate compassion in the victor bred;
Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead,
His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil,
And laid him decent on the funeral pile;
Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were burn'd;
The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd;
Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow
A barren shade, and in his honor grow.
By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell;
In one sad day beheld the gates of hell;
While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,
Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled!
My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,
The queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands:
Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again
Her pleasing empire and her native plain,
When, ah! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,

She fell a victim to Diana's bow.
Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee.
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all,
Once more will perish if my Hector fall.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share;
Oh prove a husband's and a father's care!
That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy:
Thou, from this tower defend th' important post;
There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,
That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from heaven.
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy."
The chief replied: "That post shall be my care,
Nor that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground,
Attaint the lustre of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame?
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My soul impels me to th' embattled plains:
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own.
Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates;

(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates !)
The day when thou, imperial Troy ! must bend,
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore ;
As thine, Andromache ! thy griefs I dread ;
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led !
In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes of which so large a part was thine !
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, Behold the mighty Hector's wife !
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Embitters all thy woes by naming me.
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs, shall waken at the name !
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Press'd with a load of monumental clay !
Thy Hector, wrapp'd in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep."
Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child ;

The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground.
Then kiss'd the child, and, lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's prayer:
"O thou! whose glory fills th' ethereal throne,
And all ye deathless powers! protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So when, triumphant from successful toils,
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
And say, This chief transcends his father's fame:
While pleas'd, amidst the general shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy."
He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms
Restor'd the pleasing burden to her arms;
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
The troubled pleasure soon chastis'd by fear,
She mingled with the smile a tender tear.
The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
And dried the falling drops, and thus pursued:
"Andromache! my soul's far better part,
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth,

And such the hard condition of our birth.
No force can then resist, no flight can save;
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more — but hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom:
Me glory summons to the martial scene,
The field of combat is the sphere for men.
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger as the first in fame."

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
His towery helmet, black with shading plumes.
His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
That stream'd at every look: then, moving slow,
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.
There, while her tears deplored the godlike man,
Through all her train the soft infection ran;
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourn the living Hector as the dead.

But now, no longer deaf to honor's call,
Forth issues Paris from the palace wall.
In brazen arms that cast a gleamy ray,
Swift through the town the warrior bends his way.
The wanton courser thus, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling ground;
Pamper'd and proud he seeks the wonted tides,
And laves, in height of blood, his shining sides:
His head now freed he tosses to the skies;
His mane dishevell'd o'er his shoulders flies;

He snuffs the females in the distant plain,
And springs, exulting, to his fields again.
With equal triumph, sprightly, bold, and gay,
In arms refulgent as the god of day,
The son of Priam, glorying in his might,
Rush'd forth with Hector to the fields of fight.
And now the warriors passing on the way,
The graceful Paris first excus'd his stay.
To whom the noble Hector thus replied:
"O chief! in blood, and now in arms, allied!
Thy power in war with justice none contest;
Known is thy courage, and thy strength confess'd.
What pity, sloth should seize a soul so brave,
Or godlike Paris live a woman's slave!
My heart weeps blood at what the Trojans say,
And hopes thy deeds shall wipe the stain away.
Haste then, in all their glorious labors share;
For much they suffer, for thy sake, in war.
These ills shall cease, whene'er by Jove's decree
We crown the bowl to Heaven and Liberty:
While the proud foe his frustrate triumphs mourns,
And Greece indignant through her seas returns.

ARGUMENT.

BOOKS VII.–XXI.

In the books here intervening six distinct battles are fought. In the two first the Trojans slowly but surely gain ground and courage, the Greeks being driven at last within the wall they have erected before their fleet. Still Achilles remains inactive, repulsing Ajax and Ulysses who come to him as ambassadors of peace. Once indeed, in the third battle, he seems to take a greater interest in affairs, sending Patroclus for news, but he himself makes no move to aid his distressed countrymen. Then the Trojans force the wall and drive the Greeks to their ships, and, but for the bravery of Ajax, would have burnt the fleet. At this point Patroclus appears. Clad in the armor of Achilles he inspires the utmost fear among the Trojans, who turn and flee. Pursuing them too far he is killed by Hector, and his body only rescued (by Menelaus) after a long and severe combat. By this event Achilles is again brought into the field. His mighty grief for the loss of his friend begets a burning desire for revenge. Reconciled to his king, clothed in new armor, brought to him from Vulcan by his goddess mother, he again joins his comrades, and the twenty-first book closes with an account of the mighty slaughter as the war draws on.

The scene is laid on the shore and the Trojan plain, save for brief and occasional intervals when it shifts to Olympos.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE DEATH OF HECTOR.

The Trojans being safe within the walls, Hector only stays to oppose Achilles. Priam is struck at his approach, and tries to persuade his son to re-enter the town. Hecuba joins her entreaties, but in vain. Hector consults within himself what measures to take; but, at the advance of Achilles, his resolution fails him, and he flies: Achilles pursues him thrice round the walls of Troy. The gods debate concerning the fate of Hector; at length Minerva descends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the shape of Deiphobus; he stands the combat, and is slain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot, in the sight of Priam and Hecuba. Their lamentations, tears, and despair. Their cries reach the ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of the palace; she mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead husband. She swoons at the spectacle. Her excess of grief and lamentation.

The thirtieth day still continues. The scene lies under the walls, and on the battlements of Troy.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXII.

Thus to their bulwarks, smit with panic fear,
The herded Ilians rush like driven deer;
There safe, they wipe the briny drops away,
And drown in bowls the labors of the day.
Close to the walls, advancing o'er the fields,
Beneath one roof of well-compacted shields,
March, bending on, the Greeks' embodied powers,
Far-stretching in the shade of Trojan towers.
Great Hector singly stay'd; chain'd down by fate,
There fix'd he stood before the Scæan gate;
Still his bold arms determin'd to employ,
The guardian still of long-defended Troy.
Apollo now to tir'd Achilles turns
(The power confess'd in all his glory burns),
"And what" (he cries) "has Peleus' son in view,
With mortal speed a godhead to pursue?
For not to thee to know the gods is given,
Unskill'd to trace the latent marks of heaven.
What boots thee now, that Troy forsook the plain?
Vain thy past labor, and thy present vain:
Safe in their walls are now her troops bestow'd,

While here thy frantic rage attacks a god."
The chief incens'd: "Too partial god of day!
To check my conquest in the middle way:
How few in Ilion else had refuge found!
What gasping numbers now had bit the ground!
Thou robb'st me of a glory justly mine,
Powerful of godhead, and of fraud divine:
Mean fame, alas! for one of heavenly strain,
To cheat a mortal who repines in vain."
Then to the city, terrible and strong,
With high and haughty steps he tower'd along:
So the proud courser, victor of the prize,
To the near goal with double ardor flies.
Him, as he blazing shot across the field,
The careful eyes of Priam first beheld.
Not half so dreadful rises to the sight,
Through the thick gloom of some tempestuous night,
Orion's dog (the year when autumn weighs),
And o'er the feebler stars exerts his rays;
Terrific glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
So flam'd his fiery mail. Then wept the sage:
He strikes his reverend head, now white with age;
He lifts his wither'd arms; obtests the skies;
He calls his much-lov'd son with feeble cries:
The son, resolv'd Achilles' force to dare,
Full at the Scæan gate expects the war:
While the sad father on the rampart stands,
And thus adjures him with extended hands:

"Ah stay not, stay not! guardless and alone;
Hector, my lov'd, my dearest, bravest son!
Methinks already I behold thee slain,
And stretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.
Implacable Achilles! might'st thou be
To all the gods no dearer than to me!
Thee, vultures wild should scatter round the shore,
And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore!
How many valiant sons I late enjoy'd,
Valiant in vain! by thy curs'd arm destroy'd:
Or, worse than slaughter'd, sold in distant isles
To shameful bondage and unworthy toils.
Two, while I speak, my eyes in vain explore,
Two from one mother sprung, my Polydore
And loved Lycaon; now perhaps no more!
Oh! if in yonder hostile camp they live,
What heaps of gold, what treasures would I give!
(Their grandsire's wealth, by right of birth their own,
Consign'd his daughter with Lelegia's throne:)
But if (which heaven forbid) already lost,
All pale they wander on the Stygian coast,
What sorrows then must their sad mother know,
What anguish I! unutterable woe!
Yet less that anguish, less to her, to me,
Less to all Troy, if not depriv'd of thee.
Yet shun Achilles! enter yet the wall;
And spare thyself, thy father, spare us all!
Save thy dear life: or if a soul so brave
Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory save.

Pity, while yet I live, these silver hairs;
While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
Yet curs'd with sense! a wretch, whom in his rage
(All trembling on the verge of helpless age)
Great Jove has placed, sad spectacle of pain!
The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain:
To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes,
And number all his days by miseries!
My heroes slain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,
My daughters ravish'd, and my city burn'd,
My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor;
These I have yet to see, perhaps yet more!
Perhaps e'en I, reserv'd by angry fate
The last sad relic of my ruined state
(Dire pomp of sovereign wretchedness!) must fall
And stain the pavement of my regal hall;
Where famish'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
Shall lick their mangled master's spatter'd gore.
Yet for my sons I thank ye, gods! 'twas well:
Well have they perish'd, for in fight they fell.
Who dies in youth and vigor, dies the best,
Struck through with wounds, all honest on the breast.
But when the fates, in fulness of their rage,
Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age,
In dust the reverend lineaments deform,
And pour to dogs the life-blood scarcely warm;
This, this is misery! the last, the worst,
That man can feel: man, fated to be curs'd!"
He said, and acting what no words could say,

Rent from his head the silver locks away.
With him the mournful mother bears a part:
Yet all their sorrows turn not Hector's heart:
The zone unbraced, her bosom she display'd;
And thus, fast-falling the salt tears, she said:
"Have mercy on me, O my son! revere
The words of age; attend a parent's prayer!
If ever thee in these fond arms I press'd,
Or still'd thy infant clamors at this breast;
Ah! do not thus our helpless years forego,
But, by our walls secur'd, repel the foe.
Against his rage if singly thou proceed,
Should'st thou (but heaven avert it!) should'st thou bleed,
Nor must thy corse lie honor'd on the bier,
Nor spouse, nor mother, grace thee with a tear;
Far from our pious rites, those dear remains
Must feast the vultures on the naked plains."
So they, while down their cheeks the torrents roll:
But fix'd remains the purpose of his soul;
Resolv'd he stands, and with a fiery glance
Expects the hero's terrible advance.
So, roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake
Beholds the traveller approach the brake;
When, fed with noxious herbs, his turgid veins
Have gather'd half the poisons of the plains;
He burns, he stiffens with collected ire,
And his red eyeballs glare with living fire.
Beneath a turret, on his shield reclin'd,

He stood, and question'd thus his mighty mind:
"Where lies my way? To enter in the wall?
Honor and shame th' ungenerous thought recall:
Shall proud Polydamas before the gate
Proclaim, his counsels are obey'd too late,
Which timely follow'd but the former night,
What numbers had been sav'd by Hector's flight?
That wise advice rejected with disdain,
I feel my folly in my people slain.
Methinks my suffering country's voice I hear,
But most, her worthless sons insult my ear,
On my rash courage charge the chance of war,
And blame those virtues which they cannot share.
No — If I e'er return, return I must
Glorious, my country's terror laid in dust:
Or if I perish, let her see my fall
In field at least, and fighting for her wall.
And yet suppose these measures I forego,
Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe,
The warrior-shield, the helm, and lance lay down,
And treat on terms of peace to save the town:
The wife withheld, the treasure ill-detain'd,
(Cause of the war, and grievance of the land),
With honorable justice to restore;
And add half Ilion's yet remaining store,
Which Troy shall, sworn, produce; that injur'd Greece
May share our wealth, and leave our walls in peace.
But why this thought? unarm'd if I should go,
What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe,

But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow?
We greet not here, as man conversing man,
Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain;
No season now for calm, familiar talk,
Like youths and maidens in an evening walk:
War is our business, but to whom is given
To die or triumph, that determine heaven!"
Thus pondering, like a god the Greek drew nigh:
His dreadful plumage nodded from on high;
The Pelian javelin, in his better hand,
Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land;
And on his breast the beamy splendors shone
Like Jove's own lightning, or the rising sun,
As Hector sees, unusual terrors rise,
Struck by some god, he fears, recedes, and flies:
He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind;
Achilles follows like the winged wind.
Thus at the panting dove the falcon flies
(The swiftest racer of the liquid skies);
Just when he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey,
Obliquely wheeling through th' aërial way,
With open beak and shrilling cries he springs,
And aims his claws, and shoots upon his wings:
No less fore-right the rapid chase they held,
One urg'd by fury, one by fear impell'd;
Now circling round the walls their course maintain,
Where the high watch-tower overlooks the plain;
Now where the fig-trees spread their umbrage broad
(A wider compass), smoke along the road.

Next by Scamander's double source they bound,
Where two fam'd fountains burst the parted ground:
This hot through scorching clefts is seen to rise,
With exhalations steaming to the skies;
That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,
Like crystal clear, and cold as winter snows.
Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,
Whose polish'd bed receives the falling rills;
Where Trojan dames (ere yet alarm'd by Greece)
Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace.
By these they pass'd, one chasing, one in flight
(The mighty fled, pursued by stronger might);
Swift was the course; no vulgar prize they play,
No vulgar victim must reward the day
(Such as in races crown the speedy strife);
The prize contended was great Hector's life.

As when some hero's funerals are decreed,
In grateful honor of the mighty dead;
Where high rewards the vigorous youth inflame
(Some golden tripod, or some lovely dame),
The panting coursers swiftly turn the goal,
And with them turns the rais'd spectator's soul:
Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly;
The gazing gods lean forward from the sky:
To whom, while eager on the chase they look,
The sire of mortals and immortals spoke:

"Unworthy sight! the man, belov'd of heaven,
Behold, inglorious round yon city driven!
My heart partakes the generous Hector's pain;

Hector, whose zeal whole hecatombs has slain,
Whose grateful fumes the gods receiv'd with joy,
From Ida's summits, and the towers of Troy:
Now see him flying! to his fears resign'd,
And Fate, and fierce Achilles, close behind.
Consult, ye powers ('tis worthy your debate)
Whether to snatch him from impending fate,
Or let him bear, by stern Pelides slain
(Good as he is), the lot impos'd on man?"
Then Pallas thus: "Shall he whose vengeance forms
The forky bolt, and blackens heaven with storms,
Shall he prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath,
A man, a mortal, pre-ordain'd to death?
And will no murmurs fill the courts above?
No gods indignant blame their partial Jove?"
"Go then" (return'd the sire), "without delay;
Exert thy will: I give the fates their way."
Swift at the mandate pleas'd Tritonia flies,
And stoops impetuous from the cleaving skies.
As through the forest, o'er the vale and lawn,
The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn;
In vain he tries the covert of the brakes,
Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes:
Sure of the vapor in the tainted dews,
The certain hound his various maze pursues:
Thus step by step, where'er the Trojan wheel'd,
There swift Achilles compass round the field.
Oft as to reach the Dardan gates he bends,
And hopes th' assistance of his pitying friends,

(Whose showering arrows, as he cours'd below,
From the high turrets might oppress the foe),
So oft Achilles turns him to the plain:
He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.
As men in slumbers seem with speedy pace
One to pursue, and one to lead the chase,
Their sinking limbs the fancied course forsake,
Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake:
No less the laboring heroes pant and strain;
While that but flies, and this pursues, in vain.
What god, O Muse! assisted Hector's force,
With Fate itself so long to hold the course?
Phœbus it was: who, in his latest hour,
Endued his knees with strength, his nerves with power;
And great Achilles, lest some Greek's advance
Should snatch the glory from his lifted lance,
Sign'd to the troops, to yield his foe the way,
And leave untouch'd the honors of the day.
Jove lifts the golden balances, that show
The fates of mortal men, and things below:
Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
And weighs, with equal hand, their destinies.
Low sinks the scale surcharg'd with Hector's fate;
Heavy with death it sinks, and hell receives the weight.
Then Phœbus left him. Fierce Minerva flies
To stern Pelides, and, triumphing, cries:
"Oh lov'd of Jove! this day our labors cease,
And conquest blazes with full beams on Greece.
Great Hector falls; that Hector fam'd so far,

Drunk with renown, insatiable of war,
Falls by thy hand, and mine! nor force nor flight
Shall more avail him, nor his god of light.
See, where in vain he supplicates above,
Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove!
Rest here: myself will lead the Trojan on,
And urge to meet the fate he cannot shun."
Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind
Obey'd, and rested, on his lance reclined.
While like Deïphobus the martial dame
(Her face, her gesture, and her arms, the same),
In show an aid, by hapless Hector's side
Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice belied:
"Too long, O Hector! have I borne the sight
Of this distress, and sorrow'd in thy flight:
It fits us now a noble stand to make,
And here, as brothers, equal fates partake."
Then he: "O prince! allied in blood and fame,
Dearer than all that own a brother's name;
Of all that Hecuba to Priam bore,
Long tried, long lov'd; much lov'd, but honor'd more!
Since you of all our numerous race alone
Defend my life, regardless of your own."
Again the goddess: "Much my father's prayer,
And much my mother's, press'd me to forbear:
My friends embraced my knees, adjur'd my stay,
But stronger love impell'd, and I obey.
Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
Let the steel sparkle and the javelin fly;

Or let us stretch Achilles on the field,
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield."
Fraudful she said; then swiftly march'd before;
The Dardan hero shuns his foe no more.
Sternly they met. The silence Hector broke;
His dreadful plumage nodded as he spoke:
"Enough, O son of Peleus! Troy has view'd
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief pursued.
But now some god within me bids me try
Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die.
Yet on the verge of battle let us stay,
And for a moment's space suspend the day:
Let heaven's high powers be call'd to arbitrate
The just conditions of this stern debate:
(Eternal witnesses of all below,
And faithful guardians of the treasur'd vow!)
To them I swear: if, victor in the strife,
Jove by these hands shall shed thy noble life,
No vile dishonor shall thy corse pursue;
Stripp'd of its arms alone (the conqueror's due),
The rest to Greece uninjur'd I'll restore:
Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more."
"Talk not of oaths," (the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes),
"Detested as thou art, and ought to be,
Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee;
Such pacts, as lambs and rabid wolves combine,
Such leagues, as men and furious lions join,
To such I call the gods! one constant state

Of lasting rancor and eternal hate:
No thought but rage, and never-ceasing strife,
Till death extinguish rage, and thought, and life.
Rouse then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy power.
No farther subterfuge, no farther chance;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.
Each Grecian ghost by thee depriv'd of breath,
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death."
He spoke, and launch'd his javelin at the foe;
But Hector shunn'd the meditated blow:
He stoop'd, while o'er his head the flying spear
Sung innocent, and spent its force in air.
Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand,
Unseen of Hector, who, elate with joy,
Now shakes his lance, and braves the dread of Troy:
"The life you boasted to that javelin given,
Prince! you have miss'd. My fate depends on heaven.
To thee (presumptuous as thou art) unknown
Or what must prove my fortune, or thy own.
Boasting is but an art, our fears to blind,
And with false terrors sink another's mind.
But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no dishonest wound shall Hector die;
I shall not fall a fugitive at least,
My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.
But first, try thou my arm; and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart!"

The weapon flew, its course unerring held;
Unerring, but the heavenly shield repell'd
The mortal dart; resulting with a bound
From off the ringing orb, it struck the ground.
Hector beheld his javelin fall in vain,
Nor other lance, nor other hope remain;
He calls Deïphobus, demands a spear,
In vain, for no Deïphobus was there.
All comfortless he stands: then, with a sigh,
"'Tis so — heaven wills it, and my hour is nigh!
I deem'd Deïphobus had heard my call,
But he secure lies guarded in the wall.
A god deceiv'd me; Pallas, 'twas thy deed:
Death and black fate approach! 'tis I must bleed:
No refuge now, no succor from above,
Great Jove deserts me, and the son of Jove,
Propitious once, and kind! Then welcome fate!
'Tis true I perish, yet I perish great:
Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire,
Let future ages hear it, and admire!"
Fierce, at the word, his weighty sword he drew,
And, all collected, on Achilles flew.
So Jove's bold bird, high balanc'd in the air,
Stoops from the clouds to truss the quivering hare.
Nor less Achilles his fierce soul prepares;
Before his breast the flaming shield he bears,
Refulgent orb! above his fourfold cone
The gilded horse-hair sparkled in the sun,
Nodding at every step (Vulcanian frame!)

And as he mov'd, his figure seemed on flame.
As radiant Hesper shines with keener light,
Far-beaming o'er the silver host of night,
When all the starry train emblaze the sphere:
So shone the point of great Achilles' spear.
In his right hand he waves the weapon round,
Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound:
But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore,
Securely cased the warrior's body o'er.
One place at length he spies, to let in fate,
Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate
Gave entrance: through that penetrable part
Furious he drove the well-directed dart:
Nor pierc'd the windpipe yet, nor took the power
Of speech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.
Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,
While thus, triumphing, stern Achilles cries:
"At last is Hector stretch'd upon the plain,
Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus slain:
Then, prince! you should have fear'd, what now you feel;
Achilles absent was Achilles still.
Yet a short space the great avenger stay'd,
Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid.
Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
For ever honor'd, and for ever mourn'd:
While, cast to all the rage of hostile power,
Thee birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour."
Then Hector, fainting at th' approach of death:
"By thy own soul! by those who gave thee breath!

By all the sacred prevalence of prayer;
Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!
The common rites of sepulture bestow,
To soothe a father's and a mother's woe;
Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,
And Hector's ashes in his country rest."
"No, wretch accurs'd!" relentless he replies
(Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes),
"Not those who gave me breath should bid me spare,
Nor all the sacred prevalence of prayer.
Could I myself the bloody banquet join!
No — to the dogs that carcass I resign.
Should Troy to bribe me bring forth all her store,
And, giving thousands, offer thousands more;
Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,
Drain their whole realm to buy one funeral flame;
Their Hector on the pile they should not see,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee."
Then thus the chief his dying accents drew:
"Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew:
The Furies that relentless breast have steel'd,
And curs'd thee with a heart that cannot yield.
Yet think, a day will come, when Fate's decree
And angry gods shall wreak this wrong on thee;
Phœbus and Paris shall avenge my fate,
And stretch thee here, before this Scæan gate."
He ceas'd: the Fates suppress'd his laboring breath,
And his eyes stiffen'd at the hand of death;
To the dark realm the spirit wings its way

(The manly body left a load of clay),
And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost!
  Achilles, musing as he roll'd his eyes
O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard) replies:
"Die thou the first! when Jove and heaven ordain,
I follow thee." He said, and stripp'd the slain.
Then, forcing backward from the gaping wound
The reeking javelin, cast it on the ground.
The thronging Greeks behold with wondering eyes,
His manly beauty and superior size:
While some, ignobler, the great dead deface
With wounds ungenerous, or with taunts disgrace.
"How changed that Hector! who, like Jove, of late
Sent lightning on our fleets and scatter'd fate!"
  High o'er the slain the great Achilles stands,
Begirt with heroes and surrounding bands;
And thus aloud, while all the host attends:
"Princes and leaders! countrymen and friends!
Since now at length the powerful will of heaven
The dire destroyer to our arm has given,
Is not Troy fall'n already? Haste, ye powers!
See if already their deserted towers
Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain
The souls of heroes, their great Hector slain?
But what is Troy, or glory what to me?
Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,
Divine Patroclus! death has seal'd his eyes;
Unwept, unhonor'd, uninterr'd he lies!

Can his dear image from my soul depart,
Long as the vital spirit moves my heart?
If, in the melancholy shades below,
The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,
Yet mine shall sacred last; mine, undecay'd,
Burn on through death, and animate my shade.
Meanwhile, ye sons of Greece, in triumph bring
The corse of Hector, and your Pæans sing.
Be this the song, slow moving tow'rd the shore,
'Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more.'"
Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred
(Unworthy of himself, and of the dead);
The nervous ankles bor'd, his feet he bound
With thongs inserted through the double wound;
These fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.
Proud on his car th' insulting victor stood,
And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.
He smites the steeds; the rapid chariot flies;
The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.
Now lost is all that formidable air;
The face divine, and long-descending hair,
Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand;
Deform'd, dishonor'd, in his native land!
Given to the rage of an insulting throng!
And, in his parents' sight, now dragg'd along.
The mother first beheld with sad survey;
She rent her tresses, venerably gray,
And cast far off the regal veils away.

With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans,
While the sad father answers groans with groans;
Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
And the whole city wears one face of woe:
No less than if the rage of hostile fires,
From her foundations curling to her spires,
O'er the proud citadel at length should rise,
And the last blaze send Ilion to the skies.
The wretched monarch of the falling state,
Distracted, presses to the Dardan gate:
Scarce the whole people stop his desperate course,
While strong affliction gives the feeble force:
Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
In all the raging impotence of woe.
At length he roll'd in dust, and thus begun,
Imploring all, and naming one by one:
"Ah! let me, let me go where sorrow calls;
I, only I, will issue from your walls
(Guide or companion, friends! I ask ye none),
And bow before the murderer of my son.
My grief perhaps his pity may engage;
Perhaps at least he may respect my age.
He has a father too; a man like me;
One, not exempt from age and misery:
(Vigorous no more, as when his young embrace
Begot this pest of me, and all my race.)
How many valiant sons, in early bloom,
Has that curs'd hand sent headlong to the tomb
Thee, Hector! last; thy loss (divinely brave!)

Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.
Oh had thy gentle spirit pass'd in peace,
The son expiring in the sire's embrace,
While both thy parents wept thy fatal hour,
And, bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender shower!
Some comfort that had been, some sad relief,
To melt in full satiety of grief!"
Thus wail'd the father, groveling on the ground,
And all the eyes of Ilion stream'd around.
Amidst her matrons Hecuba appears
(A mourning princess, and a train in tears):
"Ah! why has heaven prolong'd this hated breath,
Patient of horrors, to behold thy death?
O Hector! late thy parents' pride and joy,
The boast of nations! the defence of Troy!
To whom her safety and her fame she ow'd,
Her chief, her hero, and almost her god!
O fatal change! become in one sad day
A senseless corse! inanimated clay!"
But not as yet the fatal news had spread
To fair Andromache, of Hector dead;
As yet no messenger had told his fate,
Nor e'en his stay without the Scæan gate.
Far in the close recesses of the dome
Pensive she plied the melancholy loom;
A growing work employ'd her secret hours,
Confus'dly gay with intermingled flowers.
Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn,
The bath preparing for her lord's return:

In vain: alas! her lord returns no more!
Unbathed he lies, and bleeds along the shore!
Now from the walls the clamors reach her ear,
And all her members shake with sudden fear;
Forth from her ivory hand the shuttle falls,
As thus, astonish'd to her maid she calls:
"Ah, follow me!" (she cried;) "what plaintive noise
Invades my ear? 'Tis sure my mother's voice.
My faltering knees their trembling frame desert,
A pulse unusual falters at my heart.
Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate
(Ye gods avert it!) threats the Trojan state.
Far be the omen which my thoughts suggest!
But much I fear my Hector's dauntless breast
Confronts Achilles; chas'd along the plain,
Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him slain!
Safe in the crowd he ever scorn'd to wait,
And sought for glory in the jaws of fate:
Perhaps that noble heat has cost his breath,
Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death."
She spoke; and, furious, with distracted pace,
Fears in her heart, and anguish in her face,
Flies through the dome (the maids her step pursue),
And mounts the walls, and sends around her view.
Too soon her eyes the killing object found,
The godlike Hector dragg'd along the ground.
A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes:
She faints, she falls; her breath, her color, flies.
Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound,

The net that held them, and the wreath that crown'd.
The veil and diadem, flew far away
(The gift of Venus on her bridal day).
Around a train of weeping sisters stands,
To raise her sinking with assistant hands.
Scarce from the verge of death recall'd, again
She faints, or but recovers to complain:
"O wretched husband of a wretched wife!
Born with one fate, to one unhappy life!
For sure one star its baneful beam display'd
On Priam's roof, and Hippoplacia's shade.
From different parents, different climes, we came,
At different periods, yet our fate the same!
Why was my birth to great Eëtion ow'd,
And why was all that tender care bestow'd?
Would I had never been! — Oh thou, the ghost
Of my dead husband! miserably lost!
Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!
An only child, once comfort of my pains,
Sad product now of hapless love, remains!
No more to smile upon his sire! no friend
To help him now! no father to defend!
For should he 'scape the sword, the common doom,
What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come!
E'en from his own paternal roof expell'd,
Some stranger ploughs his patrimonial field.
The day that to the shades the father sends,
Robs the sad orphan of his father's friends:

He, wretched outcast of mankind! appears
For ever sad, for ever bath'd in tears;
Amongst the happy, unregarded he
Hangs on the robe or trembles at the knee;
While those his father's former bounty fed,
Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread:
The kindest but his present wants allay,
To leave him wretched the succeeding day.
Frugal compassion! Heedless, they who boast
Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost,
Shall cry, Begone! thy father feasts not here:
The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
To my sad soul Astyanax appears!
Forced by repeated insults to return,
And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn.
He, who, with tender delicacy bred,
With princes sported, and on dainties fed,
And, when still evening gave him up to rest,
Sunk soft in down upon the nurse's breast,
Must — ah what must he not? Whom Ilion calls
Astyanax, from her well-guarded walls,
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy!
Since now no more thy father guards his Troy.
But thou, my Hector! liest expos'd in air,
Far from thy parent's and thy consort's care,
Whose hand in vain, directed by her love,
The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove.
Now to devouring flames be these a prey,

Useless to thee, from this accursed day!
Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid,
And honor to the living, not the dead!"
So spake the mournful dame: her matrons hear,
Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear with tear.

BOOK XXIII.

ARGUMENT.

Achilles and the Myrmidons do honors to the body of Patroclus. After the funeral feast he retires to the seashore, where, falling asleep, the ghost of his friend appears to him, and demands the rites of burial: the next morning the soldiers are sent with mules and wagons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral procession, and the offering their hair to the dead. Achilles sacrifices several animals, and lastly, twelve Trojan captives, at the pile; then sets fire to it. He pays libations to the winds, which (at the instance of Iris) rise, and raise the flame. When the pile has burned all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raise the tomb. Achilles institutes the funeral games: the chariot-race, the fight of the cæstus, the wrestling, the footrace, the single combat, the discus, the shooting with arrows, the darting the javelin: the various descriptions of which, and the various success of the several antagonists, make the greatest part of the book.

In this book ends the thirtieth day: the night following, the ghost of Patroclus appears to Achilles: the one-and-thirtieth day is employed in felling the timber for the pile; the two-and-thirtieth in burning it; and the three-and-thirtieth in the games. The scene is generally on the seashore.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE REDEMPTION OF THE BODY OF HECTOR.

The gods deliberate about the redemption of Hector's body. Jupiter sends Thetis to Achilles to dispose him for the restoring it, and Iris to Priam, to encourage him to go in person, and treat for it. The old king, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his queen, makes ready for the journey, to which he is encouraged by an omen from Jupiter. He sets forth in his chariot, with a wagon loaded with presents, under the charge of Idæus the herald. Mercury descends in the shape of a young man, and conducts him to the pavilion of Achilles. Their conversation on the way. Priam finds Achilles at his table, casts himself at his feet, and begs for the body of his son: Achilles, moved with compassion, grants his request, detains him one night in his tent, and the next morning sends him home with the body: the Trojans run out to meet him. The lamentation of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen, with the solemnities of the funeral.

The time of twelve days is employed in this book, while the body of Hector lies in the tent of Achilles. And as many more are spent in the truce allowed for his interment. The scene is partly in Achilles' camp, and partly in Troy.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXIV.

Now from the finish'd games the Grecian band
Seek their black ships, and clear the crowded strand:
All stretch'd at ease the genial banquet share,
And pleasing slumbers quiet all their care.
Not so Achilles: he, to grief resign'd,
His friend's dear image present to his mind,
Takes his sad couch, more unobserv'd to weep,
Nor tastes the gifts of all-composing sleep;
Restless he roll'd around his weary bed,
And all his soul on his Patroclus fed:
The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind,
That youthful vigor, and that manly mind,
What toils they shar'd, what martial works they wrought,
What seas they measur'd, and what fields they fought;
All pass'd before him in remembrance dear,
Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to tear.
And now supine, now prone, the hero lay,
Now shifts his side, impatient for the day;
Then starting up, disconsolate he goes
Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes.
There as the solitary mourner raves,

The ruddy morning rises o'er the waves:
Soon as it rose, his furious steeds he join'd;
The chariot flies, and Hector trails behind.
And thrice, Patroclus! round thy monument
Was Hector dragg'd, then hurried to the tent.
There sleep at last o'ercomes the hero's eyes;
While foul in dust th' unhonor'd carcass lies,
But not deserted by the pitying skies.
For Phœbus watch'd it with superior care,
Preserv'd from gaping wounds, and tainting air;
And, ignominious as it swept the field,
Spread o'er the sacred corse his golden shield.
All heaven was mov'd, and Hermes will'd to go
By stealth to snatch him from th' insulting foe:
But Neptune this, and Pallas this denies,
And th' unrelenting empress of the skies:
E'er since that day implacable to Troy,
What time young Paris, simple shepherd boy,
Won by destructive lust (reward obscene)
Their charms rejected for the Cyprian queen.
But when the tenth celestial morning broke,
To heaven assembled, thus Apollo spoke:
"Unpitying powers! how oft each holy fane
Has Hector ting'd with blood of victims slain?
And can ye still his cold remains pursue?
Still grudge his body to the Trojans' view?
Deny to consort, mother, son, and sire,
The last sad honors of a funeral fire?
Is then the dire Achilles all your care?

That iron heart, inflexibly severe;
A lion, not a man, who slaughters wide
In strength of rage and impotence of pride,
Who hastes to murder with a savage joy,
Invades around, and breathes but to destroy.
Shame is not of his soul; nor understood,
The greatest evil and the greatest good.
Still for one loss he rages unresign'd,
Repugnant to the lot of all mankind;
To lose a friend, a brother, or a son,
Heaven dooms each mortal, and its will is done:
Awhile they sorrow, then dismiss their care;
Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.
But this insatiate the commission given
By fate, exceeds; and tempts the wrath of heaven:
Lo how his rage dishonest drags along
Hector's dead earth, insensible of wrong!
Brave though he be, yet by no reason aw'd,
He violates the laws of man and God!"
"If equal honors by the partial skies
Are doom'd both heroes" (Juno thus replies),
"If Thetis' son must no distinction know,
Then hear, ye gods! the patron of the bow.
But Hector only boasts a mortal claim,
His birth deriving from a mortal dame:
Achilles of your own ethereal race
Springs from a goddess, by a man's embrace
(A goddess by ourself to Peleus given,
A man divine, and chosen friend of heaven):

To grace those nuptials, from the bright abode
Yourselves were present; where this minstrel-god
(Well-pleas'd to share the feast) amid the choir
Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre."
Then thus the Thunderer checks the imperial dame:
"Let not thy wrath the court of heaven inflame;
Their merits, nor their honors, are the same.
But mine, and every god's peculiar grace
Hector deserves, of all the Trojan race:
Still on our shrines his grateful offerings lay
(The only honors men to gods can pay),
Nor ever from our smoking altar ceas'd
The pure libation, and the holy feast.
Howe'er, by stealth to snatch the corse away,
We will not: Thetis guards it night and day.
But haste, and summon to our courts above
The azure queen: let her persuasion move
Her furious son from Priam to receive
The proffer'd ransom, and the corse to leave."
He added not: and Iris from the skies,
Swift as a whirlwind, on the message flies;
Meteorous the face of ocean sweeps,
Refulgent gliding o'er the sable deeps.
Between where Samos wide his forests spreads,
And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads,
Down plung'd the maid (the parted waves resound);
She plung'd, and instant shot the dark profound.
As, bearing death in the fallacious bait,
From the bent angle sinks the leaden weight;

So pass'd the goddess through the closing wave,
Where Thetis sorrow'd in her secret cave:
There plac'd amidst her melancholy train
(The blue-hair'd sisters of the sacred main)
Pensive she sat, revolving fates to come,
And wept her godlike son's approaching doom.
Then thus the goddess of the painted bow:
"Arise, O Thetis! from thy seats below;
'Tis Jove that calls." "And why," (the dame replies)
"Calls Jove his Thetis to the hated skies?
Sad object as I am for heavenly sight!
Ah! may my sorrows ever shun the light!
Howe'er, be heaven's almighty sire obey'd:"
She spake, and veil'd her head in sable shade,
Which, flowing long, her graceful person clad;
And forth she paced majestically sad.
Then through the world of waters they repair
(The way fair Iris led) to upper air.
The deeps dividing, o'er the coast they rise,
And touch with momentary flight the skies.
There in the lightning's blaze the sire they found,
And all the gods in shining synod round.
Thetis approach'd with anguish in her face
(Minerva rising gave the mourner place),
E'en Juno sought her sorrows to console,
And offer'd from her hand the nectar bowl:
She tasted, and resign'd it: then began
The sacred sire of gods and mortal man:
"Thou com'st, fair Thetis, but with grief o'ercast,

Maternal sorrows, long, ah long to last!
Suffice, we know, and we partake, thy cares:
But yield to fate, and hear what Jove declares.
Nine days are past, since all the court above
In Hector's cause have mov'd the ear of Jove;
'Twas voted, Hermes from his godlike foe
By stealth should bear him, but we will'd not so:
We will, thy son himself the corse restore,
And to his conquest add this glory more.
Then hie thee to him, and our mandate bear;
Tell him he tempts the wrath of heaven too far:
Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)
Vent his mad vengeance on the sacred dead:
But yield to ransom and the father's prayer.
The mournful father Iris shall prepare,
With gifts to sue; and offer to his hands
Whate'er his honor asks or heart demands."
  His word the silver-footed queen attends,
And from Olympus' snowy tops descends.
Arriv'd, she heard the voice of loud lament,
And echoing groans that shook the lofty tent.
His friends prepare the victim, and dispose
Repast unheeded, while he vents his woes.
The goddess seats her by her pensive son;
She press'd his hand, and tender thus begun:
  "How long, unhappy! shall thy sorrows flow?
And thy heart waste with life-consuming woe?
Mindless of food, or love, whose pleasing reign
Soothes weary life, and softens human pain.

O snatch the moments yet within thy power;
Not long to live, indulge the amorous hour!
Lo! Jove himself (for Jove's command I bear)
Forbids to tempt the wrath of heaven too far.
No longer then (his fury if thou dread)
Detain the relics of great Hector dead;
Nor vent on senseless earth thy vengeance vain,
But yield to ransom, and restore the slain."
To whom Achilles: "Be the ransom given,
And we submit, since such the will of heaven."
While thus they commun'd, from th' Olympian bowers
Jove orders Iris to the Trojan towers:
"Haste, winged goddess, to the sacred town,
And urge her monarch to redeem his son;
Alone, the Ilian ramparts let him leave,
And bear what stern Achilles may receive:
Alone, for so we will: no Trojan near;
Except, to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who, with gentle hand,
May the slow mules and funeral car command.
Nor let him death, nor let him danger dread,
Safe through the foe by our protection led:
Him Hermes to Achilles shall convey,
Guard of his life, and partner of his way.
Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
His age, nor touch one venerable hair:
Some thought there must be in a soul so brave,
Some sense of duty, some desire to save."
Then down her bow the winged Iris drives,

And swift at Priam's mournful court arrives:
Where the sad sons beside their father's throne
Sat bathed in tears, and answered groan with groan.
And all amidst them lay the hoary sire
(Sad scene of woe!), his face, his wrapp'd attire
Conceal'd from sight; with frantic hands he spread
A shower of ashes o'er his neck and head.
From room to room his pensive daughters roam:
Whose shrieks and clamors fill the vaulted dome;
Mindful of those, who, late their pride and joy,
Lie pale and breathless round the fields of Troy!
Before the king Jove's messenger appears,
And thus in whispers greets his trembling ears:
"Fear not, oh father! no ill news I bear;
From Jove I come, Jove makes thee still his care;
For Hector's sake these walls he bids thee leave,
And bear what stern Achilles may receive:
Alone, for so he wills: no Trojan near,
Except, to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who, with gentle hand,
May the slow mules and funeral car command.
Nor shalt thou death, nor shalt thou danger dread;
Safe through the foe by his protection led:
Thee Hermes to Pelides shall convey,
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way.
Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair:
Some thought there must be in a soul so brave,
Some sense of duty, some desire to save."

She spoke, and vanish'd. Priam bids prepare
His gentle mules, and harness to the car;
There, for the gifts, a polish'd casket lay;
His pious sons the king's commands obey.
Then pass'd the monarch to his bridal-room,
Where cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume,
And where the treasures of his empire lay;
Then call'd his queen, and thus began to say
"Unhappy consort of a king distress'd!
Partake the troubles of thy husband's breast:
I saw descend the messenger of Jove,
Who bids me try Achilles' mind to move,
Forsake these ramparts, and with gifts obtain
The corse of Hector, at yon navy slain.
Tell me thy thought: my heart impels to go
Through hostile camps, and bears me to the foe."
The hoary monarch thus: her piercing cries
Sad Hecuba renews, and then replies:
"Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind;
And where the prudence now that awed mankind,
Through Phrygia once, and foreign regions known?
Now all confus'd, distracted, overthrown!
Singly to pass through hosts of foes! to face
(Oh heart of steel!) the murderer of thy race!
To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er
Those hands, yet red with Hector's noble gore
Alas! my lord! he knows not how to spare,
And what his mercy, thy slain sons declare;
So brave! so many fall'n! to calm his rage

Vain were thy dignity, and vain thy age.
No — pent in this sad palace, let us give
To grief the wretched days we have to live.
Still, still, for Hector let our sorrows flow,
Born to his own, and to his parents' woe!
Doom'd from the hour his luckless life begun,
To dogs, to vultures, and to Peleus' son!
Oh! in his dearest blood might I allay
My rage, and these barbarities repay!
For ah! could Hector merit thus? whose breath
Expir'd not meanly, in inactive death:
He pour'd his latest blood in manly fight,
And fell a hero in his country's right."

"Seek not to stay me, nor my soul affright
With words of omen, like a bird of night,"
(Replied unmov'd the venerable man):
"'Tis heaven commands me, and you urge in vain.
Had any mortal voice th' injunction laid,
Nor augur, priest, nor seer had been obey'd.
A present goddess brought the high command:
I saw, I heard her, and the word shall stand.
I go, ye gods! obedient to your call:
If in yon camp your powers have doomed my fall
Content: by the same hand let me expire!
Add to the slaughter'd son the wretched sire!
One cold embrace at least may be allow'd,
And my last tears flow mingled with his blood!"

Forth from his open'd stores, this said, he drew
Twelve costly carpets of refulgent hue;

As many vests, as many mantles told,
And twelve fair veils, and garments stiff with gold;
Two tripods next, and twice two chargers shine,
With ten pure talents from the richest mine;
And last a large, well-labor'd bowl had place
(The pledge of treaties once with friendly Thrace)
Seemed all too mean the stores he could employ,
For one last look to buy him back to Troy!

Lo! the sad father, frantic with his pain,
Around him furious drives his menial train:
In vain each slave with duteous care attends,
Each office hurts him, and each face offends.
"What make ye here, officious crowds!" (he cries)
"Hence, nor obtrude your anguish on my eyes.
Have ye no griefs at home, to fix ye there?
Am I the only object of despair?
Am I become my people's common show,
Set up by Jove your spectacle of woe?
No, you must feel him too: yourselves must fall;
The same stern god to ruin gives you all:
Nor is great Hector lost by me alone:
Your sole defence, your guardian power, is gone
I see your blood the fields of Phrygia drown;
I see the ruins of your smoking town!
Oh send me, gods, ere that sad day shall come,
A willing ghost to Pluto's dreary dome!"

He said, and feebly drives his friends away:
The sorrowing friends his frantic rage obey.
Next on his sons his erring fury falls,

Polites, Paris, Agathon, he calls;
His threats Deiphobus and Dius hear,
Hippothoüs, Pammon, Helenus the seer,
And generous Antiphon; for yet these nine
Surviv'd, sad relics of his numerous line:
"Inglorious sons of an unhappy sire!
Why did not all in Hector's cause expire?
Wretch that I am! my bravest offspring slain,
You, the disgrace of Priam's house, remain!
Mestor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,
With Troilus, dreadful on his rushing car,
And last great Hector, more than man divine,
For sure he seem'd not of terrestrial line!
All those relentless Mars untimely slew,
And left me these, a soft and servile crew,
Whose days the feast and wanton dance employ,
Gluttons and flatterers, the contempt of Troy!
Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,
And speed my journey to redeem my son?"
The sons their father's wretched age revere,
Forgive his anger, and produce the car.
High on the seat the cabinet they bind:
The new-made car with solid beauty shin'd:
Box was the yoke, emboss'd with costly pains,
And hung with ringlets to receive the reins:
Nine cubits long, the traces swept the ground;
These to the chariot's polish'd pole they bound,
Then fix'd a ring the running reins to guide,
And, close beneath, the gather'd ends were tied.

Next with the gifts (the price of Hector slain)
The sad attendants load the groaning wain:
Last to the yoke the well-match'd mules they bring
(The gift of Mysia to the Trojan king).
But the fair horses, long his darling care,
Himself receiv'd, and harness'd to his car:
Griev'd as he was, he not this task denied;
The hoary herald help'd him at his side.
While careful these the gentle coursers join'd,
Sad Hecuba approach'd with anxious mind;
A golden bowl, that foam'd with fragrant wine
(Libation destin'd to the power divine),
Held in her right, before the steeds she stands,
And thus consigns it to the monarch's hands:
"Take this, and pour to Jove; that, safe from harms,
His grace restore thee to our roof and arms.
Since, victor of thy fears, and slighting mine,
Heaven, or thy soul, inspire this bold design,
Pray to that God, who, high on Ida's brow
Surveys thy desolated realms below,
His winged messenger to send from high,
And lead the way with heavenly augury:
Let the strong sovereign of the plumy race
Tower on the right of yon ethereal space.
That sign beheld, and strengthen'd from above,
Boldly pursue the journey mark'd by Jove;
But if the god his augury denies,
Suppress thy impulse, nor reject advice."
"'Tis just" (said Priam) "to the Sire above

To raise our hands; for who so good as Jove?"
He spoke, and bade th' attendant handmaid bring
The purest water of the living spring
(Her ready hands the ewer and basin held);
Then took the golden cup his queen had fill'd;
On the mid pavement pours the rosy wine,
Uplifts his eyes, and calls the power divine:
"Oh first and greatest! heaven's imperial lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd!
To stern Achilles now direct my ways,
And teach him mercy when a father prays.
If such thy will, despatch from yonder sky
Thy sacred bird, celestial augury!
Let the strong sovereign of the plumy race
Tower on the right of yon ethereal space:
So shall thy suppliant, strengthen'd from above,
Fearless pursue the journey mark'd by Jove."
Jove heard his prayer, and from the throne on high
Despatch'd his bird, celestial augury!
The swift-wing'd chaser of the feather'd game,
And known to gods by Percnos' lofty name.
Wide as appears some palace-gate display'd,
So broad his pinions stretch'd their ample shade,
As, stooping dexter with resounding wings,
Th' imperial bird descends in airy rings.
A dawn of joy in every face appears;
The mourning matron dries her timorous tears.
Swift on his car th' impatient monarch sprung;
The brazen portal in his passage rung.

The mules preceding draw the loaded wain,
Charged with the gifts; Idæus holds the rein:
The king himself his gentle steeds controls,
And through surrounding friends the chariot rolls;
On his slow wheels the following people wait,
Mourn at each step, and give him up to fate;
With hands uplifted, eye him as he pass'd,
And gaze upon him as they gaz'd their last.
Now forward fares the father on his way,
Through the lone fields, and back to Ilion they.
Great Jove beheld him as he cross'd the plain,
And felt the woes of miserable man.
Then thus to Hermes: "Thou, whose constant cares
Still succor mortals, and attend their prayers!
Behold an object to thy charge consign'd;
If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind,
Go, guard the sire; th' observing foe prevent,
And safe conduct him to Achilles' tent."
The god obeys, his golden pinions binds,
And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,
That high through fields of air his flight sustain,
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main
Then grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye:
Thus arm'd, swift Hermes steers his airy way,
And stoops on Hellespont's resounding sea.
A beauteous youth, majestic and divine,
He seem'd; fair offspring of some princely line!
Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day,

And clad the dusky fields in sober gray;
What time the herald and the hoary king,
Their chariot stopping at the silver spring,
That circling Ilus' ancient marble flows,
Allow'd their mules and steeds a short repose.
Through the dim shade the herald first espies
A man's approach, and thus to Priam cries:
"I mark some foe's advance: O king! beware;
This hard adventure claims thy utmost care;
For much I fear destruction hovers nigh:
Our state asks counsel. Is it best to fly?
Or, old and helpless, at his feet to fall
(Two wretched suppliants), and for mercy call?"
Th' afflicted monarch shiver'd with despair;
Pale grew his face, and upright stood his hair;
Sunk was his heart; his color went and came;
A sudden trembling shook his aged frame:
When Hermes, greeting, touch'd his royal hand,
And, gentle, thus accosts with kind demand:
"Say whither, father! when each mortal sight
Is seal'd in sleep, thou wander'st through the night?
Why roam thy mules and steeds the plains along,
Through Grecian foes, so numerous and so strong?
What couldst thou hope, shouldst these thy treasures view:
These, who with endless hate thy race pursue?
For what defence, alas! couldst thou provide?
Thyself not young, a weak old man thy guide.
Yet suffer not thy soul to sink with dread;

From me no harm shall touch thy reverend head:
From Greece I'll guard thee too; for in those lines
The living image of my father shines."
"Thy words, that speak benevolence of mind,
Are true my son!" (the godlike sire rejoin'd:)
"Great are my hazards; but the gods survey
My steps and send thee, guardian of my way.
Hail! and be blest; for scarce of mortal kind
Appear thy form, thy feature, and thy mind."
"Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide,"
(The sacred messenger of heaven replied):
"But say, convey'st thou through the lonely plains
What yet most precious of thy store remains,
To lodge in safety with some friendly hand?
Prepar'd perchance to leave thy native land?
Or fly'st thou now? What hopes can Troy retain,
Thy matchless son, her guard and glory, slain?"
The king, alarm'd: "Say what, and whence thou art,
Who search the sorrows of a parent's heart,
And know so well how godlike Hector died?"
Thus Priam spoke, and Hermes thus replied:
"You tempt me, father, and with pity touch:
On this sad subject you inquire too much.
Oft have these eyes the godlike Hector view'd
In glorious fight, with Grecian blood imbrued:
I saw him, when, like Jove, his flames he toss'd
On thousand ships, and wither'd half a host.
I saw, but help'd not, stern Achilles' ire
Forbade assistance, and enjoy'd the fire.

For him I serve, of Myrmidonian race;
One ship convey'd us from our native place;
Polyctor is my sire, an honor'd name,
Old, like thyself, and not unknown to fame;
Of seven his sons, by whom the lot was cast
To serve our prince, it fell on me the last.
To watch this quarter my adventure falls;
For with the morn the Greeks attack your walls;
Sleepless they sit, impatient to engage,
And scarce their rulers check their martial rage."
"If then thou art of stern Pelides' train"
(The mournful monarch thus rejoin'd again),
"Ah, tell me truly, where, oh! where are laid
My son's dear relics? what befalls him dead?
Have dogs dismember'd on the naked plains,
Or yet unmangled rest, his cold remains?"
"O favor'd of the skies!" (thus answer'd then
The power that mediates between gods and men),
"Nor dogs, nor vultures, have thy Hector rent,
But whole he lies, neglected in the tent:
This the twelfth evening since he rested there,
Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.
Still as Aurora's ruddy beam is spread,
Round his friend's tomb Achilles drags the dead:
Yet undisfigur'd, or in limb or face,
All fresh he lies, with every living grace,
Majestical in death! No stains are found
O'er all the corse, and closed is every wound
Though many a wound they gave. Some heavenly care,

Some hand divine, preserves him ever fair:
Or all the host of heaven, to whom he led
A life so grateful, still regard him dead."
Thus spoke to Priam the celestial guide,
And joyful thus the royal sire replied:
"Bless'd is the man who pays the gods above
The constant tribute of respect and love!
Those who inhabit the Olympian bower
My son forgot not, in exalted power;
And Heaven, that every virtue bears in mind,
E'en to the ashes of the just is kind.
But thou, oh generous youth! this goblet take,
A pledge of gratitude for Hector's sake;
And while the favoring gods our steps survey,
Safe to Pelides' tent conduct my way."
To whom the latent god: "O king, forbear
To tempt my youth, for apt is youth to err:
But can I, absent from my prince's sight,
Take gifts in secret, that must shun the light?
What from our master's interest thus we draw,
Is but a licens'd theft that 'scapes the law.
Respecting him, my soul abjures th' offence;
And, as the crime, I dread the consequence.
Thee, far as Argos, pleas'd I could convey;
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way:
On thee attend, thy safety to maintain,
O'er pathless forests, or the roaring main."
He said, then took the chariot at a bound,
And snatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the lash around:

Before th' inspiring god that urged them on
The coursers fly, with spirit not their own.
And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found
The guards repasting, while the bowls go round:
On these the virtue of his wand he tries,
And pours deep slumber on their watchful eyes:
Then heav'd the massy gates, remov'd the bars,
And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars.
Unseen, through all the hostile camp they went,
And now approach'd Pelides' lofty tent.
Of fir the roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er
With reeds collected from the marshy shore;
And, fenced with palisades, a hall of state
(The work of soldiers), where the hero sat.
Large was the door, whose well-compacted strength
A solid pine-tree barr'd of wondrous length;
Scarce three strong Greeks could lift its mighty weight,
But great Achilles singly closed the gate.
This Hermes (such the power of gods) set wide;
Then swift alighted the celestial guide,
And thus, reveal'd: "Hear prince! and understand
Thou ow'st thy guidance to no mortal hand;
Hermes I am, descended from above,
The king of arts, the messenger of Jove.
Farewell: to shun Achilles' sight I fly;
Uncommon are such favors of the sky,
Nor stand confess'd to frail mortality.
Now fearless enter, and prefer thy prayers;
Adjure him by his father's silver hairs,

His son, his mother! urge him to bestow
Whatever pity that stern heart can know."
Thus having said, he vanish'd from his eyes,
And in a moment shot into the skies:
The king, confirm'd from heaven, alighted there,
And left his aged herald on the car.
With solemn pace through various rooms he went,
And found Achilles in his inner tent:
There sat the hero; Alcimus the brave,
And great Automedon, attendance gave;
These served his person at the royal feast;
Around, at awful distance, stood the rest.
Unseen by these, the king his entry made;
And, prostrate now before Achilles laid,
Sudden (a venerable sight!) appears;
Embrac'd his knees, and bath'd his hands in tears,
Those direful hands his kisses press'd, imbrued
E'en with the best, the dearest of his blood!
As when a wretch (who, conscious of his crime,
Pursued for murder, flies his native clime)
Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale, amaz'd!
All gaze, all wonder: thus Achilles gaz'd:
Thus stood th' attendants stupid with surprise:
All mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes:
Each look'd on other, none the silence broke,
Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke:
"Ah think, thou favor'd of the powers divine!
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine!
In me, that father's reverend image trace,

Those silver hairs, that venerable face;
His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see!
In all my equal, but in misery!
Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human fate
Expels him helpless from his peaceful state;
Think, from some powerful foe thou see'st him fly,
And beg protection with a feeble cry.
Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise;
He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes;
And, hearing, still may hope a better day
May send him thee, to chase that foe away.
No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain,
The best, the bravest of my sons are slain!
Yet what a race! ere Greece to Ilion came,
The pledge of many a lov'd and loving dame!
Nineteen one mother bore — Dead, all are dead!
How oft, alas! has wretched Priam bled!
Still one was left, their loss to recompense;
His father's hope, his country's last defence.
Him too thy rage has slain! beneath thy steel,
Unhappy, in his country's cause, he fell!
For him, through hostile camps I bent my way,
For him thus prostrate at thy feet I lay:
Large gifts, proportion'd to thy wrath, I bear:
O, hear the wretched, and the gods revere!
Think of thy father, and this face behold!
See him in me, as helpless and as old;
Though not so wretched: there he yields to me,
The first of men in sovereign misery.

Thus forced to kneel, thus groveling to embrace,
The scourge and ruin of my realm and race:
Suppliant my children's murderer to implore,
And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore!"
These words soft pity in the chief inspire,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his sire.
Then with his hand (as prostrate still he lay)
The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
Now each by turns indulged the gush of woe;
And now the mingled tides together flow:
This low on earth, that gently bending o'er,
A father one, and one a son deplore:
But great Achilles different passions rend,
And now his sire he mourns, and now his friend.
Th' infectious softness through the heroes ran;
One universal solemn shower began;
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.
Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
From the high throne divine Achilles rose;
The reverend monarch by the hand he rais'd;
On his white beard and form majestic gaz'd,
Not unrelenting: then serene began
With words to soothe the miserable man:
"Alas! what weight of anguish hast thou known,
Unhappy prince! thus guardless and alone
To pass through foes, and thus undaunted face
The man whose fury has destroy'd thy race!
Heaven sure has arm'd thee with a heart of steel,
A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel.

Rise then: let reason mitigate our care:
To mourn, avails not: man is born to bear.
Such is, alas! the gods' severe decree;
They, only they, are blest, and only free.
Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
The source of evil one, and one of good;
From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
Blessings to these, to those distributes ills;
To most he mingles both: the wretch decreed
To taste the bad, unmix'd, is curs'd indeed:
Pursued by wrongs, by meagre famine driven,
He wanders, outcast both of earth and heaven.
The happiest taste not happiness sincere,
But find the cordial draught is dash'd with care.
Who more than Peleus shone in wealth and power?
What stars concurring bless'd his natal hour!
A realm, a goddess, to his wishes given,
Graced by the gods with all the gifts of heaven!
One evil, yet, o'ertakes his latest day;
No race succeeding to imperial sway:
An only son! and he (alas!) ordain'd
To fall untimely in a foreign land!
See him, in Troy, the pious care decline
Of his weak age, to live the curse of thine!
Thou too, old man, hast happier days beheld
In riches once, in children once excell'd;
Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign,
And all fair Lesbos' blissful seats contain,
And all wide Hellespont's unmeasur'd main.

But since the god his hand has pleas'd to turn,
And fill thy measure from his bitter urn,
What sees the sun, but hapless heroes' falls?
War, and the blood of men, surround thy walls!
What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed
These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead;
Thou canst not call him from the Stygian shore,
But thou, alas! may'st live to suffer more!"
To whom the king: "O favor'd of the skies!
Here let me grow to earth! since Hector lies
On the bare beach, depriv'd of obsequies.
O give me Hector: to my eyes restore
His corse, and take the gifts: I ask no more!
Thou, as thou may'st, these boundless stores enjoy;
Safe may'st thou sail, and turn thy wrath from Troy;
So shall thy pity and forbearance give
A weak old man to see the light, and live!"
"Move me no more" (Achilles thus replies,
While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes),
"Nor seek by tears my steady soul to bend;
To yield thy Hector I myself intend:
For know, from Jove my goddess-mother came
(Old Ocean's daughter, silver-footed dame);
Nor com'st thou but by heaven; nor com'st alone;
Some god impels with courage not thy own:
No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd,
Nor could the boldest of our youth have dar'd
To pass our out-works, or elude the guard.
Cease; lest, neglectful of high Jove's command,

I show thee, king! thou tread'st on hostile land;
Release my knees, thy suppliant arts give o'er,
And shake the purpose of my soul no more."
The sire obey'd him, trembling and o'eraw'd.
Achilles, like a lion, rush'd abroad;
Automedon and Alcimus attend,
Whom most he honor'd, since he lost his friend;
These to unyoke the mules and horses went,
And led the hoary herald to the tent:
Next, heap'd on high, the numerous presents bear
(Great Hector's ransom) from the polish'd car.
Two splendid mantles, and a carpet spread,
They leave, to cover and enwrap the dead:
Then call the handmaids, with assistant toil
To wash the body, and anoint with oil,
Apart from Priam; lest th' unhappy sire,
Provok'd to passion, once more rouse to ire
The stern Pelides; and nor sacred age,
Nor Jove's command, should check the rising rage.
This done, the garments o'er the corse they spread;
Achilles lifts it to the funeral bed:
Then, while the body on the car they laid,
He groans, and calls on lov'd Patroclus' shade:
"If, in that gloom which never light must know,
The deeds of mortals touch the ghosts below;
O friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfil
(Restoring Hector) heaven's unquestion'd will.
The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,
To grace thy manes, and adorn thy shrine."

He said, and, entering, took his seat of state,
Where full before him reverend Priam sat:
To whom, compos'd, the godlike chief begun:
"Lo! to thy prayer restor'd, thy breathless son;
Extended on the funeral couch he lies;
And, soon as morning paints the eastern skies,
The sight is granted to thy longing eyes.
But now the peaceful hours of sacred night
Demand refection, and to rest invite:
Nor thou, O father! thus consum'd with woe,
The common cares that nourish life forego.
Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
A parent once, whose sorrows equall'd thine:
Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,
In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades:
Those by Apollo's silver bow were slain,
These, Cynthia's arrows stretch'd upon the plain.
So was her pride chastis'd by wrath divine,
Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line;
But two the goddess, twelve the queen enjoy'd;
Those boasted twelve th' avenging two destroy'd.
Steep'd in their blood, and in the dust outspread,
Nine days, neglected, lay expos'd the dead;
None by to weep them, to inhume them none
(For Jove had turn'd the nation all to stone);
The gods themselves, at length, relenting, gave
Th' unhappy race the honors of a grave.
Herself a rock (for such was heaven's high will)
Through deserts wild now pours a weeping rill;

Where round the bed whence Acheloüs springs,
The watery fairies dance in mazy rings:
There, high on Sipylus's shady brow,
She stands, her own sad monument of woe;
The rock for ever lasts, the tears for ever flow.
Such griefs, O king! have other parents known:
Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
The care of heaven thy Hector has appear'd;
Nor shall he lie unwept, and uninterr'd;
Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
And all the eyes of Ilion stream around."

He said, and, rising, chose the victim ewe
With silver fleece, which his attendants slew.
The limbs they sever from the reeking hide,
With skill prepare them, and in parts divide
Each on the coals the separate morsels lays,
And hasty snatches from the rising blaze.
With bread the glittering canisters they load,
Which round the board Automedon bestow'd:
The chief himself to each his portion plac'd,
And each indulging shar'd in sweet repast.
When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
The wondering hero eyes his royal guest;
No less the royal guest the hero eyes,
His godlike aspect, and majestic size;
Here, youthful grace and noble fire engage,
And there, the mild benevolence of age.
Thus gazing long, the silence neither broke;
(A solemn scene!) at length the father spoke:

"Permit me now, belov'd of Jove, to steep
My careful temples in the dew of sleep:
For since the day that number'd with the dead
My hapless son, the dust has been my bed;
Soft sleep a stranger to my weeping eyes,
My only food, my sorrows and my sighs!
Till now, encourag'd by the grace you give,
I share thy banquet, and consent to live."
With that, Achilles bade prepare the bed,
With purple soft, and shaggy carpets spread.
Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way,
And place the couches, and the coverings lay.
Then he: "Now, father, sleep, but sleep not here,
Consult thy safety, and forgive my fear,
Lest any Argive (at this hour awake,
To ask our counsel, or our orders take),
Approaching sudden to our open tent,
Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.
Should such report thy honor'd person here,
The king of men the ransom might defer.
But say with speed, if aught of thy desire
Remains unask'd, what time the rites require
T' inter thy Hector? For, so long we stay
Our slaughtering arm, and bid the hosts obey."
"If then thy will permit" (the monarch said),
"To finish all due honors to the dead,
This, of thy grace, accord: to thee are known
The fears of Ilion, clos'd within her town;
And at what distance from our walls aspire

The hills of Ide, and forests for the fire.
Nine days to vent our sorrows I request,
The tenth shall see the funeral and the feast;
The next, to raise his monument be given;
The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by heaven!"
"This thy request" (replied the chief), "enjoy:
Till then, our arms suspend the fall of Troy."
Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent
The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent;
Where fair Briseïs, bright in blooming charms,
Expects her hero with desiring arms.
But in the porch the king and herald rest,
Sad dreams of care yet wandering in their breast.
Now gods and men the gifts of sleep partake;
Industrious Hermes only was awake,
The king's return revolving in his mind,
To pass the ramparts, and the watch to blind.
The power descending hover'd o'er his head,
And, "Sleep'st thou, father?" (thus the vision said:)
"Now dost thou sleep, when Hector is restor'd?
Nor fear the Grecian foes, or Grecian lord?
Thy presence here should stern Atrides see,
Thy still-surviving sons may sue for thee;
May offer all thy treasures yet contain,
To spare thy age; and offer all in vain."
Wak'd with the word, the trembling sire arose,
And rais'd his friend: the god before him goes:
He joins the mules, directs them with his hand,
And moves in silence through the hostile land.

When now to Xanthus' yellow stream they drove
(Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove),
The winged deity forsook their view,
And in a moment to Olympus flew.
Now shed Aurora round her saffron ray,
Sprung through the gates of light, and gave the day.
Charg'd with their mournful load to Ilion go
The sage and king, majestically slow.
Cassandra first beholds, from Ilion's spire,
The sad procession of her hoary sire;
Then, as the pensive pomp advanc'd more near
(Her breathless brother stretch'd upon the bier),
A shower of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,
Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries:
"Turn here your steps, and here your eyes employ,
Ye wretched daughters, and ye sons of Troy!
If e'er ye rush'd in crowds, with vast delight,
To hail your hero glorious from the fight;
Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows flow!
Your common triumph, and your common woe."
In thronging crowds they issue to the plains,
Nor man, nor woman, in the walls remains:
In every face the self-same grief is shown,
And Troy sends forth one universal groan.
At Scæa's gates, they meet the mourning wain,
Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the slain.
The wife and mother, frantic with despair,
Kiss his pale cheek, and rend their scatter'd hair;
Thus wildly wailing, at the gates they lay;

And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the day
But godlike Priam from the chariot rose;
"Forbear" (he cried), "this violence of woes;
First to the palace let the car proceed,
Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead."
The waves of people at his word divide;
Slow rolls the chariot through the following tide:
E'en to the palace the sad pomp they wait:
They weep, and place him on the bed of state.
A melancholy choir attend around,
With plaintive sighs and music's solemn sound:
Alternately they sing, alternate flow
Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe;
While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,
And nature speaks at every pause of art.
First to the corse the weeping consort flew;
Around his neck her milk-white arms she threw:
And, "Oh my Hector! oh my lord!" she cries,
"Snatch'd in thy bloom from these desiring eyes!
Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!
An only son, once comfort of our pains,
Sad product now of hapless love, remains!
Never to manly age that son shall rise,
Or with increasing graces glad my eyes;
For Ilion now (her great defender slain)
Shall sink a smoking ruin on the plain.
Who now protects her wives with guardian care?
Who saves her infants from the rage of war?

Now hostile fleets must waft those infants o'er
(Those wives must wait them) to a foreign shore!
Thou too, my son! to barbarous climes shalt go,
The sad companion of thy mother's woe;
Driven hence a slave before the victor's sword,
Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman lord:
Or else some Greek, whose father press'd the plain,
Or son, or brother, by great Hector slain,
In Hector's blood his vengeance shall enjoy,
And hurl thee headlong from the towers of Troy.
For thy stern father never spar'd a foe:
Thence all these tears, and all this scene of woe!
Thence, many evils his sad parents bore,
His parents many, but his consort more.
Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand?
And why receiv'd not I thy last command?
Some word thou wouldst have spoke, which, sadly dear,
My soul might keep, or utter with a tear;
Which never, never could be lost in air,
Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there!"
Thus to her weeping maids she makes her moan:
Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.
The mournful mother next sustains her part:
"O thou, the best, the dearest to my heart!
Of all my race thou most by heaven approv'd,
And by th' immortals ev'n in death belov'd!
While all my other sons in barbarous bands
Achilles bound, and sold to foreign lands,
This felt no chains, but went, a glorious ghost,

Free, and a hero, to the Stygian coast.
Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,
Thy noble corse was dragg'd around the tomb
(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had slain);
Ungenerous insult, impotent and vain!
Yet glow'st thou fresh with every living grace,
No mark of pain, or violence of face;
Rosy and fair! as Phœbus' silver bow
Dismiss'd thee gently to the shades below!"
Thus spoke the dame, and melted into tears.
Sad Helen next in pomp of grief appears:
Fast from the shining sluices of her eyes
Fall the round crystal drops, while thus she cries:
"Ah, dearest friend! in whom the gods had join'd
The mildest manners with the bravest mind!
Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o'er
Since Paris brought me to the Trojan shore;
(Oh had I perish'd, ere that form divine
Seduced this soft, this easy heart of mine!)
Yet was it ne'er my fate from thee to find
A deed ungentle, or a word unkind:
When others curs'd the authoress of their woe,
Thy pity check'd my sorrows in their flow:
If some proud brother ey'd me with disdain,
Or scornful sister with her sweeping train,
Thy gentle accents soften'd all my pain.
For thee I mourn; and mourn myself in thee,
The wretched source of all this misery!
The fate I caus'd, for ever I bemoan;

Sad Helen has no friend, now thou art gone!
Through Troy's wide streets abandon'd shall I roam,
In Troy deserted, as abhorr'd at home!"
So spoke the fair, with sorrow-streaming eye:
Distressful beauty melts each stander-by;
On all around th' infectious sorrow grows;
But Priam check'd the torrent as it rose:
"Perform, ye Trojans! what the rites require,
And fell the forests for a funeral pyre!
Twelve days nor foes nor secret ambush dread;
Achilles grants these honors to the dead."
He spoke; and at his word the Trojan train
Their mules and oxen harness to the wain,
Pour through the gates, and, fell'd from Ida's crown,
Roll back the gather'd forests to the town.
These toils continue nine succeeding days,
And high in air a sylvan structure raise.
But when the tenth fair morn began to shine,
Forth to the pile was borne the man divine,
And plac'd aloft: while all, with streaming eyes,
Beheld the flames and rolling smokes arise.
Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With rosy lustre streak'd the dewy lawn,
Again the mournful crowds surround the pyre,
And quench with wine the yet-remaining fire.
The snowy bones his friends and brothers place
(With tears collected) in a golden vase;
The golden vase in purple palls they roll'd,
Of softest texture, and inwrought with gold.

Last, o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,
And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead.
(Strong guards and spies, till all the rites were done,
Watch'd from the rising to the setting sun.)
All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,
A solemn, silent, melancholy train:
Assembled there, from pious toil they rest,
And sadly shar'd the last sepulchral feast.
Such honors Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

NOTES.

BOOK I.

Line 1. **Achilles.** For this and all other important proper names, see the dictionary appended. **Wrath.** This is the key-note to the entire poem. A woman was the cause of the war, a woman is the cause of Agamemnon's quarrel with Achilles.

2. **Heavenly Goddess.** The idea of the nine Muses is later than Homer, and the words here are used in a merely general sense. For a similar invocation, cf. Milton's "Paradise Lost," Book I., line 6.

5. **Naked.** Bare of verdure, barren; with the idea of loneliness. Cf. line 427, below.

6. **Vultures.** Pope is here more exact than Homer, as well as more specific, who says, "all kinds of birds."

11. **Latona's son.** Apollo. Here the author, who first invoked the Muse as the Goddess of Memory, vanishes from the reader's view, and leaves her to relate the whole affair through the poem, whose presence from this time diffuses an air of majesty over the relation. And lest this should be lost to our thoughts in the continuation of the story, he sometimes refreshes them with a new invocation at proper intervals. [Pope's Note.]

13. **The king of men.** Agamemnon.

16. In this and similar allusions it is evident that the hearer is supposed to be familiar with the general history of the siege and the chief actors. It may be said here that the *human* interest is the principal theme of the poet, and that the *historical* is little more than a background. Similarly, information as to the scene and season can be gathered only as the story unfolds.

18. **Awful ensigns.** Apollo is occasionally represented with a lyre, but here are meant the bow and arrows. Cf. line 59, below.

20. **Laurel crown.** An instance of Pope's variation from the Greek. In the original the word here used means "bands of wool" usually worn on the head, and here carried on the sceptre because Chryses has come as a suppliant.

22. **The brother-kings.** Agamemnon and Menelaus.

32. **The fair.** The maiden. In Pope's day any poet aiming at dignity followed an accepted type of set phrases and artificial diction. Thus women were either "nymphs," or (as here) "the fair;" shepherds became "conscious swains;" and a perfectly inoffensive bird could not sing, but must "pour his throat." It was an attempt to give some poetical dignity to what was often only average prose.

50. **Sounding.** The Greek word here used is untranslatable by any single word in English, and has also a very marked onomatopoetic quality; it may be rendered "loud roaring."

51. **Safe at distance.** At a safe distance.

64. **His silver shafts.** The Olympian deities all have golden weapons and ornaments, save Apollo and Diana, who, as the divinities of the sun and the moon, are always spoken of as armed with silver.

69. Heraclides Ponticus, in his most elegant treatise on the Allegories of Homer, remarks that the most accurate observations of physicians and philosophers unite in testifying the commencement of pestilential disorders to be exhibited in the havoc of four-footed animals. [POPE'S NOTE.]

71. **Dusky air.** Homer again shows his knowledge of the natural phenomena attending plagues. Cf. also line 42, Book XXII. Kipling's ballad "The Sacrifice of Er-Heb" contains some fine lines descriptive of this atmospheric state.

72. **Pyres.** Funeral fires. The burning of human corpses appears to have been a general practice in early times, with three exceptions: Egypt, where they were embalmed; Judea, where they were laid away in sepulchres; and China, where they were buried in the earth.

75. Achilles, it appears, had, as one of the principal leaders, the right of calling a public assembly; he does so again in Book XIX.

76. The goddess had two reasons for her partiality to the Greeks: first, because she was in such high repute in Argos, that the whole country was said to be her temple; secondly, because Paris had

decided against her when she stood candidate with Minerva and Venus for the prize of beauty. Minerva on the latter account patronized them also. [COWPER'S NOTE.] And cf. Book XXIV., lines 38–41.

86. The ancient belief in the divine origin and import of dreams is too well known to deserve emphasis. A comparatively modern and familiar instance is to be found in the opening of "The Lady of the Lake," canto iv.

88. **Hecatombs.** Literally, a hundred oxen offered in sacrifice, but often used in a general sense. Eighty-one is the largest number mentioned in Homer as actually offered.

89. Notice the emphatic position of "aton'd" and "dying."

91. **He said and sat.** A good instance of Pope's terseness. Homer here uses seven words for the same idea.

108. **Control.** Reserve.

109. **Who rules the day.** Phœbus Apollo.

129. **Choler.** The bile. Anger, joy, fear, and love were formerly supposed to be produced by excess or disturbance of this fluid.

146. **Our cares.** This use of the plural form of the pronoun is common to royalty. Cf. also lines 382 and 425, below.

156. Covetousness seems to have been one of the vices in Agamemnon's character, for Thersites reproaches him with it (Book II.), and Mercury warns Priam of it (Book XXIV., lines 854–858). But here it is also to be remembered that with the Greeks the "point of honor" generally lay in the gift. Thus, in Book XXIV., Achilles takes a ransom for Hector's body.

158. The first ten years of the war had been spent mostly in raids upon the lesser cities of the Troad, of which Achilles alone boasts to have destroyed twenty-three. Chryseïs and Briseïs had been captured in this way.

161. **Resume.** Used in the strict derivative sense, "to take back."

175. **Or grant.** *Either* grant, etc. A very common use in Pope's time, and still allowable in poetry. Cf. Book VI., line 577; Book XXII., line 311.

177. Tecmessa had been awarded to Ajax, Laodice to Ulysses.

178. I think the legal pretence for Agamemnon's seizing Briseïs must have been founded upon that law whereby the commander-in-

chief had the power of taking what part of the prey he pleased for his own use; and he, being obliged to restore what he had taken, it seemed but just that he should have a second choice. [POPE'S NOTE.] It must still be held that here he insults gratuitously the most distinguished Greek warriors.

193. **Frowning stern.** The Greek is much stronger, picturing him as looking out from under frowning brows.

194. This speech is an unusually fine example of indignant invective. It is in such passages as this that Pope is at his best. If they be conscious or didactic, they are yet well balanced, skilfully arranged, and full of spirit.

208. That is, to avenge the abduction of Helen, wife of Menelaus.

228. Grecian kings claimed membership in the heroic line, and a pedigree back to Zeus. Cf. line 250, below.

231. Agamemnon, like all angry men, charges his opponent with the quarrelsome spirit.

233. That is, "It's nothing to be proud of, for it's a gift of the gods."

239. **Threat.** Threaten.

247. **Hence.** In this way. In this and the following speech Agamemnon appears the more hateful in that his motive seems merely to be a show of superior power.

255–257. **That — This.** Notice the force of this brief use of the demonstrative. It suggests gesture. Pope uses the words in this way several times. Cf. Book XXII., lines 197–199.

265. **Confess'd.** Apparent. Cf. Book XXII., line 14.

273. **Progeny.** Offspring. So used in Gray: —

> "What idle progeny succeed
> To chase the rolling circle's speed,
> Or urge the flying ball."

298. The Greeks seem to have used the names of animals in "calling names" to an unusual degree. In the dog they seem never to have noticed the noble traits (the hound of Ulysses is the only exception I can find), and the word conveys the extremest reproach. Here Achilles means to call Agamemnon shameless and cowardly. (We would say hare rather than deer.)

The downright Homeric vernacular troubled Pope. Generally

he avoids the too-forcible language of the original, or, if he gives it, uses it apologetically. Thus, when Homer calls Ajax an ass, Pope writes: —

> "The slow beast with heavy strength endued."

The line in question is pretty vigorous for him. Chapman quibbles it as follows: —

> "Thou ever steeped in wine,
> Dog's face with heart but of a hart."

And Tickell: —

> "Valiant with wine and furious from the bowl,
> Thou fierce-looked talker, with a coward's soul."

299. **Ambushed fights** were the test of the Homeric hero, and the customary duty of champions.

309. **This sacred sceptre** refers to the wand which each in turn received from the heralds. While holding it, one "had the floor."

317–324. These lines are unusually good. They give all the fire of the original, and the few additional touches are of kindred spirit.

332. This has always been a favorite figure with poets. Milton uses it in "Paradise Lost," and cf. Prov. v. 3.

333. As a generation, by common computation, is thirty years, Nestor was nearly ninety.

345. From this point Nestor's speech smacks of the garrulity of age, though some see in it merely an endeavor to weaken the anger of the disputants by talk of other events of greater or less interest.

374. Understand "that" before Achilles.

377. This speech is a mere repetition of his former, for he has no substantial charge to urge against Achilles.

411. **Lustrations.** Ceremonial purification. Practised by the Greeks chiefly to free its subjects from the pollution of crime, and in this case symbolical of the desire to remove all about their persons occasioning anger to the god.

412. **Briny wave.** Salt water was generally used because supposed to contain certain fiery particles.

430. **Awful.** Pope always uses this word in its proper sense of showing or awakening awe, respect, or reverence.

432. **Decent.** Proper.

433. Contrast Achilles' high-toned courtesy here with his previous bearing towards Agamemnon.

435. The person of a herald was inviolable as being under the joint protection of Jove and Mercury.

450–453. Briseïs' conduct here is certainly suggestive of something in favor of a tender side to the hero's character. And it may be observed that, brief as is the mention of Briseïs in the poem, and small the part she plays, what little is said is pre-eminently calculated to enhance her fitness to be the bride of Achilles. Purity and retiring delicacy are features well contrasted with the rough but true disposition of the hero.

453. **And oft look'd back.** A pleasing and poetical suggestion, but not in Homer. Pope borrowed this from an earlier French translation.

457. Thetis is said to have been born of the sea-foam.

460. Achilles calling to his mother in his grief, shows us how childlike all Homer's heroes are, with all their fierce ways. And in this they are the more interesting.

461. This alludes to a story which Achilles tells the ambassadors of Agamemnon (Book IX.), that he had the choice of two fates: one, less glorious, at home, but blessed with a very long life; the other, full of glory at Troy, but then he was never to return. [Pope's Note.]

470. **Goddess-mother.** She was Thetis, a sea-nymph, whose hand had been sought by Jupiter and Neptune; but it was fated that she should bear a son more powerful than his father, so it was resolved to marry her to a mortal, and she accordingly became the wife of Peleus. [Cowper's Note.] Landor's "Imaginary Conversations," "Peleus and Thetis," should be read in this connection. And cf. Book XXIV., lines 76–83.

471. Notice the propriety and beauty of this comparison.

474. **Why grieves my son?** A question natural in its tender simplicity.

480. Notice here the hero's naïveté in taking as a matter of course the sack and burning of a town, the slaughter or enslavement of the townspeople. From these verses it is evident that the fruits of these piratical expeditions went to the common support, and not to the successful plunderer. See also note on line 158, above.

508. That is, renders null the votes of the Grecian army, who assigned Briseïs to me.

515. Jupiter, having acquired supremacy in heaven, made an exorbitant use of his power, and treated the other gods with much haughtiness. A sedition among them was the consequence, and a conspiracy to bind him. But Thetis, apprised of their intentions by her father Nereus, hastened to the aid of Jupiter, attended by Ægeon, who terrified them from their purpose. Jupiter, learning the particulars of this cabal from Thetis, suspended Juno by the wrists, commanded Neptune and Apollo to work for Laomedon, and, in recompense of such signal service rendered him by Thetis, conferred on her son Achilles the honor of complete vengeance for the injury done him by Agamemnon. Achilles, in this passage desiring the punishment of the Grecians, very artfully reminds his mother that those deities who now assist them had formerly been confederated against Jupiter. [Cowper's Note.]

518. **Bright partner.** Juno.

519. Minerva and Neptune are referred to.

525. That is, Neptune.

527. Nowhere else in Homer is there any such monstrous conception as this.

531. **Embrace his knees.** Lines 55, 56, Book VI., show this to be the accepted posture of one in humble supplication.

543. A gloomy destiny lurks throughout Homer, from which even the gods are not exempt. Cf. Book VI., line 627, and Book XXII., line 9.

551. Here is meant the Thessalian Olympus.

555. The Homeric ocean is a great stream flowing round the world.

557. George Eliot suggests that the Æthiopians were "blameless" because they dwelt so far off they had no neighbors to criticise them.

568. **Lash'd the mast aside.** That is, put it into its "receiver." This shows the size of the Homeric ship ; which, moreover, was generally *drawn up on the beach.*

569. **Anchors.** Stones, or crooked pieces of wood weighted. The Greeks were the first to use anchors of iron.

581. **Aton'd.** Reconciled.

584. **Darting.** So called because of the bow and arrows with which he is always represented.

587. Cf. line 600, below. The salted cake, made usually of barley-meal, was an ordinary portion of a sacrifice, and each of those participating threw some upon the victim's head. The order of sacrifice was as follows : the hands were washed, and the barley raised from the earth. Then, after prayer, the head of the victim was sprinkled, and the forelock cut off and burned. These were preliminary rites ; the victim's head was now drawn back, and the chief person present slew and flayed it. Then the thigh-bones were cut out, and covered with two layers of fat. Slices of meat from other parts of the carcass were laid upon them, and the whole was burned with libations of wine as the portion of the gods, who were supposed to be cheered by the rising savor.

601. **Heads to heaven,** because offered to celestials; such as were sacrificed to infernal deities were slain with heads turned downwards.

608. **Black.** Used constantly in the sense of "dark."

616. **Crown'd.** That is, filled to the brim. A drinking-cup was held by each one present. At first, a few drops only were poured into each cup, which the receiver immediately poured out as a libation to the gods. Then the cups were filled for drinking.

621. With the passage here closing may be compared Dryden's "Virgil" (Book I.): —

> "The jolly crew, unmindful of the past,
> The quarry share, their plenteous dinner haste.
> Some strip the skin ; some portion out the spoil ;
> The limbs yet trembling, in the caldrons boil ;
> Some on the fire the reeking entrails broil.
> Stretch'd on the grassy turf, at ease they dine,
> Restore their strength with meat, and cheer their souls with wine."

634. **Navy.** Fleet. The use is common.

642. **Ascending.** Pope evidently gets this idea from Dryden, who wrote, —

> "Jove at their head ascending from the sea."

Homer has no such idea, merely saying that the gods returned from their visit to the *remotest of men.*

646. **Address'd.** Directed.

665. **Dear.** Dear, or important, to her.

667. She means, "None is higher than you ; you cannot fear."

683. This description of the majesty of Jupiter has something exceedingly grand and venerable. Macrobius reports, that Phidias, having made his Olympian Jupiter, which passed for one of the greatest miracles of art, was asked from what pattern he framed so divine a figure, and answered, it was from that archetype which he found in these lines. [Pope's Note.] Cf. also Milton's "Paradise Lost," Book II., line 351: —

> "So was his will
> Pronounced among the gods, and by an oath,
> That shook heaven's whole circumference, confirmed."

694. As Homer makes the first council of his men to be one continued scene of anger, whereby the Grecian chiefs became divided, so he makes the first meeting of the gods to be spent in the same passion, whereby Jupiter is more fixed to assist the Trojans, and Juno more incensed against them. Thus the design of the poem goes on. [Pope's Note.]

698. Here Pope grows grandiloquent. Lord Derby is calm and dignified. Many critics think Homer intended to make this scene more or less humorous — sarcastic by contrast. See note on lines 640–780, page 142.

713. Homer generally uses the eye of the ox or heifer for comparison, as suggestive of majesty and calm.

719. **Consult.** Consultation.

739. **His mother.** Juno. Jupiter was his father.

741. **The architect divine.** Vulcan built the golden palaces of the gods. Cf. line 779, below.

753. **The double bowl.** A vessel formed like two bells united at the apices, so that it would serve as a goblet whichever way turned.

765. With the preceding lines compare the following from "Paradise Lost," Book I.: —

> "Nor was his name unheard or unadored
> In ancient Greece ; and in Ausonian land
> Men call'd him Mulciber ; and how he fell
> From heaven, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
> Sheer o'er the crystal battlements ; from morn
> To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,

A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropp'd from the zenith like a falling star
On Lemnos, th' Ægean isle; thus they relate."

771. Vulcan designed to move laughter, says Pope, but it was by his awkward performance of the part of Ganymede, for the gods were not so unfeeling as to laugh at his lameness.

775. **Voice alternate.** That is, singing responsively.

640–780. The gods formed a sort of political community of their own, which had its hierarchy, its distribution of ranks and duties, its contentions for power and occasional revolutions, its public meetings in the agora of Olympus, and its multitudinous banquets or festivals. [GROTE.] Here we see the gods simply as stronger men. Zeus is the angry husband, vexed at his wife's inquisitiveness, and provoked thereby to arbitrariness. The scene surely is not reverent, and, indeed, would seem to show that what humor Homer may have he confines to Olympian scenes, where passions are displayed beneath the dignity of heroes. In morality the terrestrial tone is distinctly superior.

Walter Leaf has the following paragraph in his valuable and entertaining "Companion to the Iliad" (page 64): "It is impossible to leave this splendid book without noticing the supreme art with which all the leading characters on both the stages of the coming story have been introduced to us; drawn in strong strokes where not a touch is lost, and standing before us at once as finished types for all time. On earth we already know the contrast between the surly resentment of Agamemnon and the flaming but placable passion of Achilles, and we have had a glimpse of the mild wisdom of Nestor and the devoted friendship of Patroclus. In heaven the three chief actors, Zeus, Hera, and Athene, already present themselves as the strong but overweighted husband, the jealous and domineering wife, and the ideal of self-restraint and wise reflection."

BOOK VI.

LINE 1. **Th' immortals.** Mars, Apollo, Aphrodite, Juno, and Minerva.

5. **Troy's famed streams.** Scamander and Simoïs.

Deathful. Pope always uses this suffix very exactly. So "dire-

ful" in line 199, below, and "awful" as constantly. (And see especially line 371, below.)

6. **Main.** Literally, a broad expanse of space or light, but not infrequently in the older poets in this sense of the open sea.

9. What is the grammatical construction of "The Thracian Acamas"? **Falchion.** A short, broad sword, with a slightly curved point.

12. **Horse-hair.** This primitive crest seems to have been the earliest form of cognizance, though Jupiter bore a ram, and Mars a lion. See Flaxman's plates to the poem.

14. A very good line. Notice the force of "endless," the suggestiveness of "swimming," also the alliteration.

15. **Distain'd.** Stained. Cf. line 335, below.

19. **Fast.** Close, near by.

> "Fast by the throne obsequious Fame resides."
>
> POPE'S *The Temple of Fame.*

20. The terseness, balance, and "point" in this line are very characteristic of Pope. Cf. also lines 184, 281, and 513, below. "There is a pathos in the thought of how little he received, in his hour of need, for all his kindness to others." [KEEP'S NOTE.]

27. **Two twins.** Tautological.

28. **Naiad.** In the extended mythology of the ancient Greeks, the Naiads were the goddesses presiding over the fresh-water lakes, rivers, and fountains.

29. So Paris, also a prince, tended his father's flocks on Mount Ida.

34. "To the victor belong the spoils," was a fundamental idea. See the speech of Adrastus, below, and line 330, Book XXII.

50. The horses were attached by the yoke only. Flaxman's illustrations will give the best idea of the war-chariot used by the Greeks. It went out of use about 700 B.C.

54. **Atrides.** Menelaus.

Vengeful steel. Transferred epithet. Cf. —

> "The maid, alarm'd, with *hasty oar*,
> Push'd her light shallop from the shore."
>
> SCOTT, *Lady of the Lake*, i.

57. Quarter was seldom given save with a view to ransom. Pope

has the following note: "This passage, where Agamemnon takes away that Trojan's life whom Menelaus had pardoned, and is not blamed by Homer for so doing, must be ascribed to the uncivilized manners of those times. The historical books of the Old Testament abound in instances of the like cruelty to conquered enemies."

59. **Fame.** Report. (Lat., *fama.*)

61. **Rich heaps of brass.** Grote says: "The halls of Alcinous and Menelaus glitter with gold, copper, and electrum; while large stocks of yet unemployed metal — gold, copper, and iron — are stored up in the treasure-chamber of Odysseus and other chiefs. Coined money is unknown in the Homeric age — the trade carried on being one of barter. In reference also to the metals, it deserves to be remarked, that the Homeric descriptions universally suppose copper, and not iron, to be employed for arms, both offensive and defensive. By what process the copper was tempered and hardened, so as to serve the purpose of the warrior, we do not know; but the use of iron for these objects belongs to a later age." And cf. line 293, below.

62. **Persuasive.** A very suggestive word in this connection.

65. Suggestive of the same pitying, pliant nature that at the fall of Troy pardoned Helen. See in this connection Landor's "Imaginary Conversations," "Menelaus and Helen."

70. Of course ironical. A reminder of the wrongs Menelaus had suffered at the hands of Paris, and so of all Troy.

75. **Exampled fate.** Is this tautological?

91. What is the antecedent to "her"?

92. Helenus, though a priest, fights. In Homer the priests do not form a caste apart.

101. Implying the habitual effeminacy of the Trojan soldier.

104. **Ourselves.** That is, all except Hector and Æneas. Not the use referred to in the note on line 146, Book I.

110. **Fane.** Poetical. Any place consecrated to religion. (Lat., *fanum.*)

115. That is, before her image. A similar ceremony is immortalized in the frieze of the Parthenon where a peplos is offered to Athene.

121. "Even Achilles was not so feared."

125. **Hector obedient heard.** Again Pope's terseness is marked.

Homer is, "So spake he, and Hector disregarded not his brother's word."

135–138. **Hear — war.** Pope's rhymes are not often imperfect. (But cf. lines 153, 154, below.) The rhyme in lines 137, 138, follows too closely after line 136 not to be displeasing. This latter failing is not uncommon to Pope.

145. The Homeric shield, according to Jebb, is usually round; but some hints occur of oblong ones, as this present line, or the likening of that of Ajax to a tower.

146. **Brazen buckler.** Homer only speaks of "the black hide — of his bossed shield." That is, layers of ox-hide covered with metal. The words here used are Pope's own.

147. The manner in which this episode is introduced is well illustrated by the following remarks of Mure: "The poet's method of introducing his episode, also illustrates, in a curious manner, his tact in the dramatic department of his art. Where, for example, one or more heroes are despatched on some commission, to be executed at a certain distance of time or place, the fulfilment of this task is not, as a general rule, immediately described. A certain interval is allowed them for reaching the appointed scene of action, which interval is dramatized, as it were, either by a temporary continuation of the previous narrative, or by fixing attention for a while on some new transaction, at the close of which the further account of the mission is resumed." (Line 296.)

165. **Consecrated spears.** The "Thyrsi" were staffs fashioned at the end in the form of a pine cone.

177. **Too prodigal of breath.** There is nothing in the original suggestive of this fine phrase.

180. That Glaucus (in the tenth year of the war) is unknown to Diomed, though knowing him, may seem odd; but Glaucus is not a prominent chief. Priam does not know Agamemnon and the other Grecian leaders. (Book III.)

181. In this line is the oldest extant quotation from Homer. It is given by Simonides, who lived in the eighth century before Christ. The figure is a favorite one with poets.

189. Many famous descriptive passages commence with a similar line. See Virgil's "Æneid," Book I., line 5, and Dante's "Inferno," Book V., line 97. The incident may be introduced to properly with-

draw Diomed from the field, after the prodigies of valor he has performed (Book V.); but quite as probably it is used to illustrate the power of the bond of guest-friendship, a bond which Paris has violated.

200. Such inversion as this, placing the verb last, is very common in Pope.

201. **Lawless.** Formerly no distinction was made between this word and "unlawful," which would now be used in this place. With this incident compare Gen. xxxix.

210. **Tablets.** It is uncertain whether or not writing was known in Homeric times. (See Grote, Vol. II., page 192.) Here, perhaps, signs or hieroglyphic characters were used.

214. **Nine days.** Nine is a favorite round number with Homer. Cf. line 293, below; and Book XXIV., line 141.

215. It was customary to entertain a guest before asking as to his home and errand. So Alcinous entertains Odysseus.

223. **Expire.** Breathe out, a use of the word now nearly obsolete.

235, 236. That is, was but gradually convinced by the successive exploits which spoke of divine help.

Confess'd. Declared his belief in. Cf. Matt. x., 32.

264. **Hereditary.** As though the guestship passed from father to son. This whole passage is interesting as descriptive of guest-friendship in Homeric times.

274. The art of dyeing was practised in the East from the earliest times. The Tyrian purple was famous.

280. **Incline.** In the derivative sense (Lat.) of "to turn."

295. Of this proverbially bad bargain Cowper says: "Glaucus, it is observed, hearing Diomed speak of the liberality shown by Bellerophon to Œneus, determined not to fall below the example of his ancestor, and therefore consented to an exchange so very unequal." The entire episode forms an admirable transition from the battle-field to the Ilian homes.

298–301. This pretty picture gives us the "one touch of nature," and, like the equally natural and simple one in lines 595–599, below, brings out in stronger contrast the surrounding scene of war.

316. **Strict.** Close.

332. **Spare.** "Be frugal of," — the first meaning.

362. **Soft Sidon.** So called because of the widely known effeminacy and profligacy of the inhabitants.

363. According to Herodotus, Paris was driven by storms first to Egypt, and then to Phœnicia.

360–368. A very similar account occurs in Dryden's "Æneid," Book I., line 670 ff.

369. A very good line. Cf. also Book XXIV., line 124.

389. **Dome.** Syncope. From Homer we can gather but little of the style of the Homeric house, or its effect on the eye. Probably more attention was paid to ornamental detail than to beauty of proportion, to strength and convenience than to elegance.

395. A cubit is between 20 and 21 inches, making the spear some 16 feet long. This may seem exaggerated, but Ajax (Book XV.) wields one twice as long. And Xenophon mentions a tribe using spears of 15 cubits, or 22 feet.

396. **Steely.** This suffix is very common in Pope in the sense of "like" or "resembling." Towery, steepy, gleamy, and other words follow (lines 468, 480, 650).

Golden ringlets. A ferule to prevent the shaft's splintering.

400. But one of many lines showing his vanity.

404. **Ardent.** *Burning*, angry.

409. **Thy close** (i.e. secret) **resentment.** By the compact in Book V., the Trojans had agreed to surrender Paris; for, as the cause of the long war, he is hated by the people. He not unnaturally has refused them his help. The general situation is sufficient to explain the scene.

422–425. The lines show his feeble and vacillating character.

425. Helen's beauty is ever assumed, rather than described. The nearest approach to description occurs in Book III.: —

> "No wonder such celestial charms
> For nine long years have set the world in arms;
> What winning graces! what majestic mien!
> She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen!"

427. "'Tis not in mortals to command success."
ADDISON'S *Cato*.

428. **Contain.** Restrain; here used in derivative sense (Lat.).

431. Notice Helen's tone of self-abasement, both here and in Book XXIV., lines 962–980.

441. This complaint of Paris is, perhaps, natural, but certainly unpleasing.

449. **And theme of future song** and **Perhaps the last that sees me here** (line 458) seem to imply a prophetic half-knowledge of the future.

470. **Explore.** A very Latinized sense, "look for." Cf. Book XXII., line 63.

484. The Greek is "like a mad woman."

491. The following picture, and those similar scenes between Helen and Menelaus, or Odysseus and Penelope, attest a pure and tender conception of conjugal affection. In every connection the marriage tie is sacredly strong — and this tie Paris has violated.

543. Sudden deaths of women were often imputed to Diana.

544, 545. A touching confession often quoted.

551. These trees are mentioned as landmarks in Books XI. and XXII.

580. Weaving is the most ancient of the manufacturing arts.

581. **Was.** What is the subject ?

582, 583. Bearing water was a chief duty of the ancient slave.

591. **Monumental.** Serving as a monument or memorial. So in "The Dunciad" (Book II., line 313) :

> "The monumental brass this record bears,
> 'These are — ah, no ! these were the gazetteers.'"

603. **Preferr'd.** Another use in the original (Lat.) sense, "offer up."

594–623. This passage has never been more beautifully translated than here.

626–631. Strongly marked with the Homeric belief in a predetermined fate. See note to line 543, Book I.

636. **War.** Here a verb.

638. **Resumes** and **Reverts** (line 641) are again examples of words used in the original Latin sense.

643. As Helen's beauty, so Andromache's grace and comeliness are largely assumed. It is as wife and mother that she charms. Brutus' Portia is said to have wept over a picture of this scene.

652. **Wanton.** Unrestrained, unruly.

> "How does your tongue grow wanton in her praise."
> ADDISON'S *Cato.*

The points of similarity here implied are beauty, youth, an exuber-

ance of spirits, and a lack of common-sense. Homer's similes are world-famous. Book XXII. abounds in them. The following extracts are from Jebb's "Introduction to Homer," the best book on the subject yet published. Having spoken of the vividness, variety, and beauty of the similes in Homer, of their characteristic value and importance, he writes ; "The first point to observe is that Homeric simile is not a mere ornament. It serves to introduce something which Homer desires to render exceptionally impressive. . . . He wishes to prepare us for it by first describing something similar, only more familiar, which he feels sure of being able to make us see clearly. . . . When Homer compares A to B, he will often add details concerning B which have no bearing on the comparison. For instance, when the sea-god Poseidon soars into the air from the Trojan plain, he is compared to a hawk : —

> 'That from a beetling brow of rock
> Launched in mid-air forth dashes *to pursue*
> *Some lesser bird along the plain below ;*'

but Poseidon is not pursuing any one; the point of similitude is solely the speed through the air. Such admission of irrelevant detail might seem foreign to that direct aim at vividness which is the ruling motive of Homeric simile; but it is, in fact, only another expression of it. If A is to be made clearer by means of B, then B itself must be clearly seen; and therefore Homer takes care that B shall never remain abstract or shadowy; he invests it with enough of detail to place a concrete image before the mind. . . . The poet's delight in a picture, and the Hellenic love of clear-cut form, are certainly present; but both are subordinate to a sense that the object which furnishes a simile must be made distinct before the simile itself can be effective. . . . The 'Iliad' contains about 180 detailed similes." (Pages 26–28.)

Mr. Leaf, in his "Companion to the Iliad," already quoted, writes of Book VI. as follows: "Of all the 'Iliad' this incomparable book attains the grandest heights of narrative and composition, of action and pathos. Nowhere else have we so perfect a gallery of types of human character; the two pairs, Hector and Paris, Helen and Andromache, in their truthfulness and contrast, form a group as subtly as they are broadly drawn; while, on the other hand, the

'battle vignettes' with which the book opens, and the culmination of the scenes of war in the meeting of Glaucus and Diomed, set before us with unequalled vivacity the pride of life of an heroic age, the refinement of feeling which no fierceness of fight can barbarize, in the most consummate manner of the 'great style.'" (Page 133.)

In these intervening books several passages should be read in some good translation: the night adventure of Ulysses and Diomed (X.); the bravery of Idomeneus (XIII.); the workshop of Vulcan (XVIII.); and especially the grand description of Achilles' shield (XVIII.).

BOOK XXII.

The supreme interest in this book is due to the double aspect, the human and divine: on the one hand, the personal contrast between the two heroes; on the other, the will of Zeus behind and directing all. Here too, in the slaying of Hector, the story may be said to culminate.

LINE 1. **Smit.** The old form of the p. part.

6. The same formation as Cæsar's *testudo*.

9. **Fate.** That is, not by his own fault or imprudence.

14. **Confess'd.** Evident.

18. **Latent.** Lying hid or secret (Lat.).

39. **Orion's dog.** The dog-star, which, of evil influence during the summer days, is supposed to grow even more malevolent as autumn comes on, at which season it shines at night.

The year when autumn weighs (it down). Autumn is subject, year object.

Lord Derby renders this passage, —

> "Like to th' autumnal star, whose brilliant ray
> Shines eminent amid the depth of night,
> Whom men the dog-star of Orion call."

And compare Milton: —

> "On the other side,
> Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
> Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,

That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war."

Paradise Lost, Book XI., line 708.

45. **Obtests.** To call upon earnestly, to entreat.

48. **War.** Combat.

55, 56. Notice the irony.

61, 62. Cf. Book XXIV., line 924. Slavery was the lot of all prisoners of war. Among the Greeks it was less repulsive than among the Orientals.

64. Laothoé is referred to. Among the Greeks polygamy was unknown. This case (and the dowery — line 69 — proves it a recognized marriage) is one of the few hints of conscious difference of custom dividing the two nations.

74–107. A remarkably fine passage, and among the best of Pope's work. Both beauty and pathos are noticeable.

76. **Yet.** Still.

96, 97. The idea of the house-dog thus turning on his master of course increases the horror of the suggestion.

108. **Acting what no words could say.** A very suggestive phrase, wholly Pope's own.

112. **Zone.** A girdle or belt. (See Flaxman's plates.)

"With a side
White as Hebe's, when her zone
Slipt its golden clasp, and down
Fell her kirtle to her feet."

KEATS.

126. **Torrents.** In keeping with the many other poetical exaggerations of the age. See note on line 32, Book I.

130–135. "As a serpent of the mountains upon his den awaiteth a man, having fed on evil poisons, and fell wrath hath entered into him." — JEBB.

136. **Reclin'd.** Resting.

137. "And thus his own undaunted mind explores."

Paradise Lost, Book VI., line 113.

139. "Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

POPE, *Essay on Man.*

141. He had advised Hector to lead back the Trojan forces before Achilles should again join the conflict.

147. **Worthless** because effeminate. See Helenus' speech, Book VI., line 101.

158. **The wife** (of Menelaus). That is, Helen.

161. **Store.** Wealth.

180. Compare the famous climax of Cicero in the "First Catiline:" "*abiit, excedit, evasit, erumpit.*"

189. **Fore-right.** Right-forward.

194. **Smoke.** One of the very few words in Pope of ambiguous meaning. It is held that here he implied such speed as to suggest the dust rising behind them like smoke. Derby gives "rac'd amain."

203, 204. The example of Nausica, in the "Odyssey," shows that in Homeric times such duties were not held derogatory even to a princess.

206. A very strong line. No other translator has done as well. Chapman wrote: —

> "A strong man fled before,
> A stronger followed him."

And Lord Derby: —

> "Good he who fled, but better who pursued."

And Myers: —

> "Valiant was the flier, but far mightier he who fleetly pursued him."

221. **Unworthy sight.** Speaking of this incident ("Homer and the Epic," p. 210), Mr. Lang says, "Had Homer been read in the Middle Ages, there is little doubt that most of Book XXII. would have been 'excised' by critical knights and minstrels. Nor can most men of Northern blood, and with the traditions of knightly honour in their minds, of knightly honour and of Northern courage, read it without shame as well as sorrow. But we do not reject it for Homeric merely because the evidence of all the Muses singing out of heaven could never convince us that Hector fled from Achilles. In a saga or a *chanson de geste*, in an Arthurian romance, in a Border ballad, in whatever poem or tale answers in our Northern literature, however feebly, to Homer, this flight round the walls of Troy would be an absolute impossibility. Under the eyes of his father, his mother, his countrymen, Hector flies — the gallant Hector, 'a very

perfect, gentle knight' — from the onset of a single foe. Can we fancy Skarphedin, or Gunnar, or Grettir, or Olaf Howard's son flying from one enemy ? Can we imagine Lancelot of the Lake, who naked held Guinevere's bower against an armed multitude, retreating from before a single knight ? No ballad-monger would have been believed who said that the Douglas or the Percy turned his back on a foe. Assuredly the hearers of the sagas, the audience of the trouvère who chanted that lost fight in Roncesvaux, or the readers of Mallory, or Sidney, who loved to listen to 'Chevy Chase' from the lips of a blind crowder, would all have rejected the twenty-second book and the story of Hector's flight. We do not, of course, reject it. Homer's world, Homer's chivalry, Homer's ideas of knightly honour, were all unlike those of the Christian and the Northern world. Roland will not even blow a blast on that dread horn for all the multitude of the paynims. But Hector, the hope of Troy, fled thrice round the walls from a single spear."

240. Coleridge notices that Zeus is regarded as omnipotent, and could, if need be, withhold or subvert fate.

243–248. The chase opens with a simile suggestive of speed, and closes (line 257) with one suggestive of fatigue.

250. **Compass.** What is the number and person of this verb, and why ?

254. Pope constantly speaks of lofty turrets, *et cætera*. Coleridge writes: "The siege of Troy was as little like a modern siege as a captain in the guards is like Achilles. There is no mention of a ditch or any other line or work round the town, and the wall itself was accessible without a ladder. It was probably a vast mound of earth with a declivity outwards. Patroclus thrice mounts it in armor. The Trojans are in no respects blockaded, and receive assistance from their allies to the very end."

257–260. Well illustrative of the futility of the efforts of each warrior. Such imagery, drawn from sensation or thought, is extremely rare in Homer.

263. **O Muse!** See note on Book I., line 11.

276. **Hell.** The Greek word means literally "unseen," and stands for the elysian abode of the blessed as well as for the wretched home of the wicked.

291–294. Even the highest ideal of the deity admitted of fraud

and deceit. Deïphobus was especially loved and trusted by Hector. See line 302.

Show (line 293). Appearance.

Belied (line 294). Feigned.

To again quote from Mr. Lang : "It is remarkable that when the true poet had to pit against each other a courteous and patriotic warrior like Hector and a young hero who, like Achilles, is really fighting only for his own hand and his own private passion, he should have made Hector check our sympathy by his flight, and Achilles even more unsympathetic by the treacherous aid of Athene than by his own relentless and savage revenge. All this should warn us not to judge of Homer's taste and his conduct of the tale by our standard " (p. 212).

As to the divine intervention, Mr. Leaf says: "The presence of the gods on Achilles' side was not so much a mere extraneous aid as a tangible sign that Achilles was, after all, fighting the great fight of Hellenism against barbarism; it is a reminder that the action on earth is but a reflexion of the will of heaven, and exalts rather than belittles those to whom the help is given " (p. 355).

329. I am frank to say that Hector's words here smack to me of hesitation and an attempt to bargain. Nothing could be in stronger contrast to the clear confidence of Achilles, his certainty of victory and revenge. Leaf finds the scene one to enlist our sympathy and admiration for Hector's hopeless condition.

337. **Pacts.** Compacts.

"As between men and lions there is no pledge of faith, — as wolves and sheep cannot be of one mind." — JEBB.

357. Boasting is one of the prominent characteristics of the Homeric hero.

378. **And my hour is nigh!** It was held to be dangerous, if not fatal, to behold the deity.

384. **Son of Jove.** Phœbus.

390. **All collected.** "And gathered himself." — MYERS.

392. **Truss.** To sieze and carry off.

> "Brave falcons that dare truss a fowl
> Much greater than themselves."
>
> CHAPMAN.

395. **Fourfold cone.** "Four-plated helm." — MYERS.

426, 427. Fine lines, and of distinct melody.

437. Cowper renders this more forcibly and literally : —

> "I would my fierceness of revenge were such
> That I could carve and eat thee, to whose arms
> Such griefs I owe!"

452. Such was his fate. After chasing the Trojans into the town, he was slain by an arrow from the quiver of Paris, directed under the unerring auspices of Apollo. The greatest efforts were made by the Trojans to possess themselves of the body, which was, however, rescued and borne off to the Grecian camp by the valor of Ajax and Ulysses. Thetis stole away the body, just as the Greeks were about to burn it with funeral honors, and conveyed it away to a renewed life of immortality in the isle of Leuké in the Euxine. [Watson's Note.]

461, 462. Here Achilles' fatalism again appears. According to our standard, the speech shows the only touch of nobility in Achilles' entire action.

466. **His.** That is, Hector's.

467. Perhaps this brutality sprung from a desire in certain ones to share in the revenge. Cf. Book XXIV., line 513.

468. **Disgrace.** See note on line 200, Book VI.

483–490. "The heroic companions whom we find celebrated, partly by Homer and partly in traditions, which, if not of equal antiquity, were grounded on the same feeling, seem to have but one heart and soul, with scarcely a wish or object apart, and only to live, as they are always ready to die, for one another. It is true that the relation between them is not always one of perfect equality: but this is a circumstance which, while it often adds a peculiar charm to the poetical description, detracts little from the dignity of the idea which it presents. Such were the friendships of Hercules and Iolaus, of Theseus and Pirithous, of Orestes and Pylades; and though these may owe the greater part of their fame to the later epic, or even dramatic poetry, the moral groundwork undoubtedly subsisted in the period to which the traditions are referred. The argument of the 'Iliad' mainly turns on the affection of Achilles for Patroclus, whose love for the greater hero is only tempered by reverence for his higher birth and his unequalled powers." — Thirlwall.

496. Yet less unworthy than the older legend which shows Hector dragged *alive* about the walls.

499. **Wain.** Usually used of a four-wheeled vehicle, as a cart or wagon. So in Book XXIV., line 342.

500. **His graceful head.** Graceful is usually used of beauty of action, but occasionally of form.

502. **Distilling.** Dropping.

508–510. **In his native land — In his parent's sight.** Details which increase the horror of the situation.

521. The capture and burning of a city gave the Greek the strongest picture of urgent distress.

527. A fine line. "Raging" and "impotence" include in themselves two whole sentences.

537. Would it have been more forcible had he written, —

"Old and miserable as I am"?

543. Cf. Jacob's "will bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to to the grave."

520–549. A passage of much pathetic beauty.

567. **Melancholy loom.** See note on Book VI., line 54.

569. The subject upon which she is working forms a contrast with the events transpiring without.

598. "And night came on her eyes, and shrouded her." — Jebb.

600–602. These were the symbols of her married state.

620–653. Pope thought this passage exquisite. While it is natural that Andromache should think of her son at such a time, yet what she here says is merely a commonplace on orphanage, and not applicable to Astyanax while Priam and Hector's brothers are still alive.

641. **Wretch.** Used in the sense of one miserable or unhappy.

No other book of the poem is more comprehensively typical of Homer's style than this. Jebb points out the following traits "as pre-eminently Homeric:" (1) "The outlines of character are made distinct in deed, in dialogue, and in audible thought. (2) The divine and human agencies are interfused; the scene passes rapidly from earth to Olympus, and again to earth; the gods speak the same language as men, — noble, yet simple and direct; the gods are superhuman in might, — human in love, in hate, and in guile. (3) Each

crisis of the narrative is marked by a powerful simile from nature. (4) The fiercest scenes of war are brought into relief against profoundly touching pictures of domestic love and sorrow." ("Introduction to Homer," p. 37.)

BOOK XXIV.

This book is more modern in spirit than any of its predecessors; here the wrong is righted. The straightforward simplicity of the plan, however, is distinctly Homeric. As in Book I., we here find the dramatic element more prominent than the epic; the speeches are stronger than the narrative. Lang holds this, indeed, the most dramatic (and pathetic) book of all. Leaf says of it: "The supreme beauty of the last book of the 'Iliad,' and the divine pathos of the dying fall in which the tale of strife and blood passes away, are above all words of praise. The meeting of Priam and Achilles, the kissing of the deadly hands, and the simplicity of infinite sadness over man's fate in Achilles' reply, mark the high tide of a great epoch of poetry. In them we feel that the whole range of suffering has been added to the unsurpassed presentment of action, which, without this book, might seem to be the crowning glory of the 'Iliad.'" ("Companion to the Iliad," p. 388.)

Line 7. "Betakes himself to his sad couch (see note on Book VI., line 54) in order to weep there the more unobserved."

8. **All composing.** Quieting.

18. **Now shifts his side.** Turns from side to side.

20. **Wide.** Afar.

24–26. This seems to have been a custom in Thessaly.

30. **Superior.** As emanating from above.

34. **Will'd.** That is, was will'd by the other gods; see line 143, below.

37. Juno is referred to.

38–41. The judgment of Paris; see any classical dictionary.

40. His reward was not lustfulness, but the fairest of women.

57. Shame, as Cowper gives it, is "man's blessing or his curse;" "his blessing," says his note on the passage, "if he is properly influenced by it; his curse in its consequence, if he is deaf to its dic-

tates." Hesiod borrows Homer's words in his "Works and Days" (Book I., line 316). [WATSON'S NOTE.]

63. **Born to bear** wounds.

64. **Insatiate** man.

67. **Earth.** We use "clay" in a like sense.

70–74. Owing to the inversion both of words and clauses, and to the unusual meaning of "decreed" for **doomed** (line 71), these lines are not clear. Lord Derby is better: —

> "Some show of reason were there in thy speech,
> God of the silver bow, could Hector boast
> Of equal dignity with Peleus' son."

78, 79. See note on Book I., line 470.

80. The marriage is described in Book XVIII.

81. **Minstrel-god.** Apollo.

87. **Grace.** Care.

99. **He added not.** To thus vary the customary "he spoke," is both pleasing and more emphatic.

101. **Meteorous.** With the idea both of light and speed. So in Milton's "Paradise Lost:" —

> "The Cherubim descended, on the ground
> Gliding meteorous."

106. **Shot.** Fishing lines are said to be shot across the tide; paid out.

Profound. Depth.

112. The Nereides, water nymphs.

115. **Painted bow.** The rainbow. And here the classic mythology seems to touch our own Old Testament beliefs, for the bow set up in the heavens as a sign of hope we find used as the symbol of the goddess of hope (Iris).

128. **Momentary.** Lasting but a moment.

139. **Suffice** it. Zeus seems to have held a particular regard for Thetis, who therefore exercised over him a singular influence. This may well have been due to her aid referred to in line 515, following. (Book I.)

155. **Attends.** Pays heed to.

159. **Dispose.** Spread forth. So in line 793, below.

161. **Pensive.** In Pope's time the word meant much more than

the present "thoughtful." It implies grief or gloom. See also in line 203, below.

172. **Relics.** Compare our use of "remains."

199. **Amidst them.** In their midst.

245. "And was known in foreign regions."

249. **Deathful.** See note on Book VI. line 5.

260. Classing Achilles with dogs and vultures is very expressive.

261, 262. Figurative only. As Beatrice, in "Much Ado About Nothing," "I could eat his heart in the market place."

265. **Latest blood.** As we would say, "last drop."

273. **A present goddess.** A goddess in person.

283. **Vests.** Vestments.

285. **Chargers.** Platters, dishes.

290. A strongly suggestive contrast between the ideas of a great ransom and a single look at the corpse.

291. The lines immediately following are very natural. Undignified, peevish, irritated, — it is an attempt to hide the heart-deep despair of an old man.

337. See note to Book VI. line 395.

346. It is necessary to observe that two cars are here prepared, — the one drawn by mules, to carry the presents, and to bring back the body of Hector: the other drawn by horses, in which the herald and Priam rode. [Watson's Note.]

372. **Living.** Having present life, revivifying. A common biblical meaning.

391. **Display'd.** Open.

393. **Dexter.** The word is generally confined to heraldry, and seems here rather out of place. Pope also has, —

> "On sounding wings a dexter eagle flew."

406. "As *if* they were gazing for a last time."

417. **Golden pinions.** Hermes, the messenger of the gods, is always represented as wearing winged sandals.

417–426. Milton has rivalled these lines when, in "Paradise Lost," Book V., line 266, *seq.*, he describes the descent of Gabriel: —

> "Down thither prone in flight
> He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
> Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing,

Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air.
. . . . . .
At once on th' eastern cliff of Paradise
He lights, and to his proper shape returns
A seraph wing'd. . . .
Like Maia's son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide."

And Dryden writes ("Æneid," Book IV., line 350, *seq.*)

"Hermes obeys; with golden pinions binds
His flying feet and mounts the western winds.
And whether o'er the seas or earth he flies,
With rapid force they bear him down the skies.
But first he grasps within his awful hand
The mark of sovereign power, his magic wand;
With this he draws the ghost from hollow graves;
With this he drives them from the Stygian waves:
. . . . . .
Thus arm'd, the god begins his airy race,
And drives the racking clouds along the liquid space."

427, 428. Pope seldom does well in the description of natural beauty, but here the lines are very good; better than either Derby or Chapman, who write: "For darkness now was creeping o'er the earth" (Derby), and "The dark even fell on the earth" (Chapman). The best lines, dealing with nature, that I have found in Pope, are the following: —

"Loud as the wolves on Orca's stormy steep,
Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep."

436. **Adventure.** Peril.

457, 458. "For like my father's is, methinks, thy face."
LORD DERBY.

473–475. It does not seem to me that Hermes has shown any such wonderful knowledge, seeing that what must have been the event of the siege, the killing of the Trojan leader by the Grecian leader, is already a week old.

480. **Imbrued.** Stained.

484. **Enjoy'd.** What is the subject?

491. **Adventure.** Here, in our sense of a hazardous undertaking.

549. **Massy.** Massive. See note on Book VI. line 396.

552. **Lofty tent.** A dwelling on this scale seems scarcely consistent with the camp of a besieging force.

560. A feat paralleling the wielding of his spear, — a thing that he only could do.

584. In the following passage two points are to be noted especially, — the vividness with which the sudden apparition of the old king appears, alone and at night; and the easy address and simple manner of the great hero. In reference to the scene Coleridge remarks: —

"By a close study of life, and by a true and natural mode of expressing everything, Homer was enabled to venture upon the most peculiar and difficult situations, and to extricate himself from them with the completest success. The whole scene between Achilles and Priam, when the latter comes to the Greek camp for the purpose of redeeming the body of Hector, is at once the most profoundly skilful, and yet the simplest and most affecting passage in the Iliad. Quinctilian has taken notice of the following speech of Priam, the rhetorical artifice of which is so transcendant, that if genius did not often, especially in oratory, unconsciously fulfil the most subtle precepts of criticism, we might be induced, on this account alone, to consider the last book of the Iliad as what is called spurious, in other words, of later date than the rest of the poem. Observe the exquisite taste of Priam in occupying the mind of Achilles, from the outset, with the image of his father; in gradually introducing the parallel of his own situation; and, lastly, the mentioning of Hector's name when he perceives that the hero is softened, and then only in such a manner as to flatter the pride of the conqueror."

603. A very good line; terse, balanced, suggestive. It is distinctly Pope's own, there being no corresponding phrase in the original.

633. "Who stoop to kiss the hand that slew my son." — COLLINS.

637. Not to spurn, but to decline an act of excessive humility.

640. **This — that.** See note on Book I., line 255, and cf. lines 761, 762 below.

671. **Sincere.** Sure.

685–687. **Phrygia** bounds the Troad to the east, **Lesbos** to the south, the **Hellespont** to the north. This, then, is specifically say-

ing, "You once ruled not only your own land, but the lands of your neighbors," — and now (the inferred contrast is) you, as a suppliant, beg the dead body of your son.

703. **Give.** Allow, grant to.

706. Offended either at the rejection of his hospitality, or fancying a mistrust in his honor, or perhaps at the mere name of Hector. Achilles here shows how intense a struggle is going on in his breast. He must be allowed to act in his own way, — neither hurried nor doubted.

741–745. "Achilles' ferocious treatment of the corpse of Hector cannot but offend as referred to the modern standard of humanity. The heroic age, however, must be judged by its own moral laws. Retributive vengeance on the dead, as well as the living, was a duty inculcated by the religion of those barbarous times, which not only taught that evil inflicted on the author of evil was a solace to the injured man, but made the welfare of the soul after death dependent on the fate of the body from which it had separated. Hence a denial of the rites essential to the soul's admission into the more favored regions of the lower world was a cruel punishment to the wanderer on the dreary shores of the infernal river. The complaint of the ghost of Patroclus to Achilles, of but a brief postponement of his own obsequies, shows how efficacious their refusal to the remains of his destroyer must have been in satiating the thirst of revenge, which, even after death, was supposed to torment the dwellers in Hades. Hence before yielding up the body of Hector to Priam, Achilles asks pardon of Patroclus for even this partial cession of his just rights of retribution." — MURE, Vol. I., p. 289.

748. **Compos'd.** Again calm.

757. The only mention of this legend in all Homer. "You may eat without appearing hard of heart," runs Mr. Leaf's paraphrase, "for even Niobe ate in her grief, and she is the type of faithful mourning chosen by the gods to embody endless grief."

774–779. In the original metre these lines have a pathetic charm almost wholly lost in translation.

792. **Canister.** A small basket of reeds.

> "White lilies in full canisters they bring."
> DRYDEN'S translation of Virgil's *Eclogues*.

805. **Careful.** See note on Book VI., line 5.

814. **Forth.** The couches were spread in a vestibule for the reasons given in lines 818–823, below.

832. **Aspire.** A very poetic and now obsolete use, in the sense of "rise."

843. "Here," says Mure, "we part with Achilles, at the moment best calculated to exalt and purify our impression of his character. We had accompanied him through the effervescence, undulations, and final subsidence of his stormy passions. We now leave him in repose, and under the full influence of the more amiable affections; while our admiration of his great qualities is chastened by the reflection that, within a few short days, the mighty being in whom they were united was himself to be cut off suddenly in the full vigor of their exercise. . . . The frequent and touching allusions, interspersed throughout the 'Iliad,' to the speedy termination of its hero's course, and the moral on the vanity of human life which they indicate, are among the finest evidences of the spirit of ethic unity by which the whole framework of the poem is united." While granting this, I still must hold Achilles less *human* than his great antagonist, who, in his devotion to wife and child, his charity towards Helen, his half-patronizing, half-contemptuous kindness to Paris, his honesty and unselfishness, stands out a figure more in accord with our own standards, and so more likely to enlist and hold our sympathy and interest.

870. **Cassandra.** Only mentioned here and in Book XIII. Nothing in Homer shows any such gift of prophecy as that with which she is endowed in later poems.

911. According to the "Andromache" of Euripides, she was carried off by Neoptolemus, son of Achilles. But Virgil describes her as living in peaceful retirement and gentle regret as the wife of Helenus.

929. Such was his fate, at the hands of Ulysses.

942. **Sustains her part.** "Took up the loud lament." — DERBY.

959. The following observations of Coleridge furnish a most gallant and interesting view of Helen's character: "Few things are more interesting than to observe how the same hand that has given us the fury and inconsistency of Achilles, gives us also the consummate elegance and tenderness of Helen. She is through the 'Iliad' a genuine lady, graceful in motion and speech, noble in her associations,

full of remorse for a fault for which higher powers seem responsible, yet graceful and affectionate towards those with whom that fault had committed her. I have always thought the following speech, in which Helen laments Hector, and hints at her own invidious and unprotected situation in Troy, as almost the sweetest passage in the poem. It is another striking instance of that refinement of feeling and softness of tone which so generally distinguish the last book of the 'Iliad' from the rest." — *Classic Poets*, p. 198, *seq.*

964. To account for this reckoning a legend exists of the Grecians, driven out of their course, landing first in Mysia. Here their forces became scattered, and the expedition returned to reorganize. This seems absurd, especially as a much simpler explanation of Cowper's is well known; he says, "In order to make this a true reckoning, we must suppose that it cost ten years to assemble the powers of Greece, which, added to the ten years of the siege, will complete the number. It is a large allowance; but Helen's computation cannot be justified without it, since even Ulysses was absent from Ithaca only twenty years, whose return cost him ten after the accomplishment of Troy's destruction."

979. "For through the breadth of Troy none love me now."— Collins. A line that improves on Pope's in its suggestions of present desertion and past kindness at Hector's hands.

980. In Landor's "Imaginary Conversations," that between "Menelaus and Helen" gives a vivid picture of the end of Troy, and Helen's final pardon.

In the above passage we may again see the strong contrast ever maintained between Helen and Andromache. The one is charming even in her frailty, attracting us as we condemn; the other, true, blameless, womanly, ever bears witness to the sweetness and purity of the highest domestic relations.

989–998. A mere repetition of the funeral of Patroclus (Book XXIII.).

1009, 1010. To guard against Grecian treachery.

1016. Coleridge says, "I cannot take my leave of this noble poem without expressing how much I am struck with the plain conclusion of it. It is like the exit of a great man out of company whom he has entertained magnificently, — neither pompous nor familiar; not contemptuous, yet without much ceremony."

DICTIONARY OF PROPER NAMES.

Achaia. A small region in southern Thessaly, containing Phthia. It was probably the original home of the Achæan race.

Achelous. A Grecian river rising in Epirus and emptying into the Ionian Sea.

Achilles. Son of Peleus and Thetis, and chief of the Myrmidons. "In Achilles, Homer summed up and fixed forever the ideal of the Greek character. He presented an imperishable picture of their national youthfulness, and of their ardent genius, to the Greeks. The 'beautiful human heroism' of Achilles, his strong personality, his fierce passions controlled and tempered by divine wisdom, his intense friendship and love that passed the love of women, above all, the splendor of his youthful life in death made perfect, hovered like a dream above the imagination of the Greeks, and insensibly determined their subsequent development." — J. A. Symonds. ("Studies of the Greek Poets," Vol. I., p. 20.)

Adrastus. A king of Argos.

Ægeon. So called by men: called Briareus by the gods. A huge monster with a hundred hands and fifty heads. Earlier legends represent him conquering the Titans.

Æneas. A Trojan prince, son of Anchises, king of Dardanus, and Aphrodite. Robbed of his cattle by Achilles, he sided, with his Dardans, against the Greeks. After the sack of Troy he journeyed to Italy, and became the ancestral hero of the Romans.

Æolians. One of the four great divisions of the Greek race, occupying most of northern Greece and western Peloponnesus.

Æthiopians. In Homer represented as dwelling on the edge of the earth's disk to the south-east and south-west. "The Æthiopians, says Diodorus, l. iii., are said to be the inventors of pomps, sacrifices, solemn meetings, and other honors paid to the gods. From hence arose their character of piety which is here celebrated." — Pope.

Agamemnon. Son of Atreus, king of Mycenæ, and the most

powerful ruler in Greece. Led the expedition against Troy, and on his return was slain by Clytemnestra, his wife.

Ajax. Son of Telamon, and one of the leading Greek heroes in the war, famous for his size, physical strength, and beauty. Next to Achilles and Diomed, he was the bravest in the Grecian host. He several times engaged in single combat with Hector, and gained the advantage over him, and was always a terror to the Trojans.

Alcemus. A Myrmidon. Friend of Achilles.

Alcian Field. Or "Field of Wandering." Between the rivers Pyramus and Pinarus in Cilicia. Bellerophon was condemned to wander here for his presumption in soaring heavenwards on Pegasus.

Amazons. A race of women supposed to have dwelt on the coast of the Black Sea. They were represented as forming a state from which men were excluded, as devoting themselves to war and hunting, and as being often in conflict with the Greeks of the Heroic Age.

Andromache. Wife of Hector, and daughter of Eëtion, king of Thebe in Cilicia, who, with his seven sons, was slain by Achilles when Thebe was taken by the Greeks.

Antenor. Wisest of the Trojan elders.

Apollo. Son of Zeus and Latona, and one of the greater gods. He represents the light- and life-giving influence, as well as the deadly power, of the sun, with which he has sometimes been identified. He was the leader of the Muses, god and patron of music, poetry, and healing, and was the ruler of pestilence.

Aretaon. A Trojan slain by Teucer.

Argives. The Greeks of Argolis, and subjects of Agamemnon. The name is often extended to all Greeks.

Argos. The leading Dorian city in Argolis, but generally used for Peloponnesus, or Greece, in a wide territorial sense. In the earlier part of the "Iliad" no local kingdom is referred to; later the reference is to the realm of Diomed.

Arisba. A town in the Troad.

Astyanax. "Chief of the City;" also called Scamandrius. Son of Hector and Andromache.

Atreus. King of Mycenæ, and the son of Pelops.

Atrides. (Patronymic.) Either son of Atreus, — Agamemnon or Menelaus, — but generally used for the former.

Aurora. Called Eos by the Greeks. The goddess of the dawn. The poets represented her as rising out of the ocean in a chariot, "her rosy fingers dropping gentle dew."

Automedon. Comrade and charioteer of Achilles.

Bacchus. Or Dionysus, son of Zeus and Semele, and god of wine, personifying both its good and its bad qualities.

Bellerophon. Son of Glaucus, king of Corinth, and grandfather of the Glaucus mentioned in Book VI.

Briareus. See *Ægeon.*

Briseïs. Or Hippodamia. The daughter of Briseus, here a captive, beloved of Achilles.

Calesius. A companion of Axylus, slain by Diomed.

Cassandra. A prophetess, daughter of Priam and Hecuba. By command of Apollo, her predictions, though true, were always discredited. After the fall of Troy she was enslaved by Agamemnon.

Ceneus. King of the Lapithæ, among whom Polyphemus was a leader.

Centaurs. The children of Ixion, forming a tribe in Thessaly. They are the only wild men mentioned in Homer. No allusion is made by this poet to their semi-equine form.

Chalcis. Chief town of Eubœa, some thirty-four miles north of Athens.

Chimæra. A fire-breathing monster in Lycia, slain by Bellerophon. Its fore part was of a lion, its middle of a goat, its hind part of a dragon. The only instance of a mixed monster in Homer.

Chrysa. A port in the Troad where was situated a shrine of Apollo.

Chryseïs. Or Astynome, daughter of **Chryses,** who was a priest of Apollo at Chrysa. She was noted for her beauty and her skill in embroidery.

Cilicia. In Asia Minor, between Æolia and the Troad. In Roman times the Apostle Paul was born in its capital, Tarsus.

Cilla. A town in the Troad near Chrysa.

Clytemnestra. See *Agamemnon.*

Creta. Or Crete; an island in the Mediterranean, south-east of Greece, south-west of Asia Minor.

Cynthia. One of the names of Artemis or Diana, the moon-goddess, derived from Mt. Cynthus, in Delos, her birthplace.

Dardans. The inhabitants of Dardania, a province of Mysia, but generally used in a wider sense for all Trojans, because Dardanus, son of Zeus and Electra, was their mythical ancestor.

Diana. Goddess of the moon, and protectress of the female sex.

Diomed. Son of Tydeus, the king of Argos, and one of the most famous, as well as one of the bravest, of the Grecians.

Dryas. (In Book I.) A king of the Lapithæ. (In Book VI.) The father of Lycurgus.

Eëtion. See *Andromache*.

Elatus. An ally of Troy.

Ephyré. Early name for Corinth. Noted as a centre of commerce, literature, and art.

Euryalus. An Argive leader. With Diomed and Sthenelus he commanded a fleet of eighty ships, carrying warriors from nine Grecian cities or provinces.

Eurybates. One of the heralds of Agamemnon.

Eurypylus. Son of Euæmon, a Thessalian prince. He serves with Patroclus among those nearest Achilles.

Glaucus. A Lycian prince, allied to Priam.

Hector. Son of Priam and Hecuba, and champion of the Trojans.

Hecuba. Daughter of a Phrygian king, and second wife of Priam. She was enslaved after the fall of Troy.

Helen. The daughter of Zeus and Leda, and wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta. Her abduction by Paris was the cause of the Trojan war. "Helen of Troy is one of those ideal creatures of the fancy over which time, space, and circumstance, and moral probability, exert no sway. . . . She moves through Greek heroic legend as the desired of all men, and the possessed of many." — J. A. Symonds. ("Studies of the Greek Poets," Vol. I., p. 124.)

Helenus. A son of Priam. Celebrated as a prophet.

Hellespont. The early name for the Strait of Dardanelles.

Hermes. Or Mercury. Son of Zeus and Maia. He is the herald and messenger of the gods; protector of herdsmen, travellers, and rogues; patron of science, invention, commerce, and the arts of life.

Hippolochus. (In Book I.) A son of Antimachus, killed by Agamemnon. (In Book VI.) A Lycian, son of Bellerophon, and father of Glaucus.

Hippoplacia. Or Thebe, in Mysia. The metropolis of Eëtion, and birthplace of Andromache.

Hippothous. An Argive leader of the Pelasgi.

Hyperia. A fountain in Messenia.

Ida. A mountain in Mysia overlooking the Troad. It is famous in all Greek legend.

Idæus. Herald of the Trojans, and charioteer of Priam. In Book VII. he goes to Agamemnon from Paris, offering to restore the riches of Helen, and to ask for a truce to bury the dead.

Ilion. Or Ilium. See *Troy*.

Ilus. Son of Tros, and mythical founder of Ilion.

Imbrus. An island in the Ægean Sea.

Iris. One of the lesser goddesses, their messenger. Often held as the personification of the rainbow.

Juno. The queen of heaven, and the highest divinity next to Jupiter, of whom she was the sister and wife.

Jupiter. **Jove**, or Zeus. The supreme deity, controlling and directing the future. His weapon was the thunderbolt. The eagle was especially consecrated to him.

Laodice. A daughter of Priam (Book VI.). Another Laodice is referred to in Book I., as the handmaid of Odysseus.

Latona. Or Leto. Mother, by Jupiter, of Apollo and Diana.

Lemnos. An island in the Ægean Sea.

Lycia. A division of Asia Minor, bordering on the Mediterranean and Phrygia.

Lycurgus. A king of Thrace. Blinded and driven mad by the gods as punishment for driving Bacchus from his kingdom.

Mars. Son of Zeus and Juno, and god of war.

Melanthius. A Trojan slain by Eurypylus.

Minerva. Identified with Athene and Pallas. One of the three greater goddesses, and patroness of war, wisdom, and the liberal arts.

Myrmidons. A Thessalian tribe ruled by Achilles. They are said to have been ants changed by Jupiter into men, in order that Thessaly, in which they lived, might not be without inhabitants when his son Æacus was made king of it; but this legend probably rose because of the tribe's indefatigable industry in cultivating their lands. Phthia was known the world over for its great fertility.

Mysia. North-western part of Asia Minor, between Phrygia and the Ægean.

Nestor. A king of Pylos, famous as the oldest councillor of the Greeks before Troy.

Niobe. Daughter of Tantalus, who, proud of her numerous progeny, provoked the anger of Latona by boasting over her. For this, Apollo and Diana, the children of Latona, killed her sons and daughters. Niobe herself was changed into a stone.

Nyssa. A mystical region localized at various times in India or Egypt. In Homer it becomes a mountainous district in Thrace, the kingdom of Lycurgus, and the birthplace of Bacchus.

Oceanus. A swift and unbounded stream encircling all known lands and seas. In personification, the husband of Tethys.

Œneus. A king of Calydon, father of Meleager and Tydeus.

Olympus. There were several mountains so named. In the "Iliad" two are referred to; one in Bithynia, within sight of Troy, and the more famous one of Thessaly. This latter is some 9,750 feet in height, and was supposed to be the special home of the gods.

Opheltius. (In Book I.) A Greek slain by Hector. (In Book VI.) A Trojan slain by Euryalus.

Orion. A giant and hunter, changed after his death to a constellation.

Pallas. See *Minerva*.

Paris. The second son of Priam and Hecuba. Before his birth Hecuba dreamt that she had given birth to a firebrand that caused a conflagration in the city, which was interpreted that the child would bring disaster on Troy. He was accordingly exposed on Mt. Ida, but rescued and raised by a shepherd. Accidentally discovering his parentage, he returned to the city, was received, married Œnone, and became celebrated for his beauty, gallantry, and accomplishments. Owing to his decision as to which of the goddesses was the fairest, Venus assisted him in carrying off from Sparta, Helen, wife of King Menelaus. This was the cause of the war, during which he brought upon himself the detestation of his friends by his cowardice, his vanity, and his stubborn determination not to give up Helen. At the taking of Troy, Philoctetes fatally wounded him with a poisoned arrow.

Patroclus. The intimate friend and close companion of Achilles, and formerly saved by him from death.

Pedasus. A Trojan slain by Euryalus.

Peleus. A king of the Myrmidons, son of Æacus, and father of Achilles.

Pelides. A patronymic formed from Peleus. Always used of Achilles.

Percnos. "Black" or "dappled." The specific name of the eagle.

Phœbus. An epithet of Apollo; it means "the shining one."

Phrygia. A country of Asia Minor, to the south of Bithynia and the east of Mysia.

Phthia. Chief city of the Myrmidons in Thessaly, and the home of Peleus and Achilles.

Phylacus. A Trojan slain by Leitus.

Pidytes. A Trojan slain by Odysseus.

Pirithous. A son of Zeus. Though a native of Athens, he had lived among the Centaurs, and, when he married Hippodamia, invited them to his wedding feast. As they misconducted themselves, a quarrel ensued between them and the Lapithæ, who killed many of them, and drove the rest to Malea, a promontory of Peloponnesus.

Pluto. The lord of the infernal regions, a son of Saturn, and brother of Jove and Neptune.

Polites. The last son of Priam, slain at his feet by Neoptolemus, son of Achilles.

Polydamus. A Thessalian famous for his strength.

Polyphemus. Not the one-eyed monster of the Odyssea. See *Ceneus.*

Polypœtes. Son of Pirithous. A leader of the Lapithæ.

Priam. King of Troy.

Proteus. A sea-god, endowed with the gift of prophecy, and the power of assuming at will any form he chose.

Pylos. A Messenian town, the home of Nestor.

Samos. An island in the Ægean, colonized by the Ionians, and an important centre of Greek commerce, civilization, and art. (In Book XXIV.) the name is used for Samothrace.

Sarpedon. A Lycian prince, son of Zeus and Laodamia. An ally of Troy, and slain by Patroclus.

Satnio. A forest stream in Mysia.

Saturn. Father of Jove, Neptune, and Pluto. The special protector of agriculture and all vegetation.

Scæan. The "left-hand" gate of Troy, facing the Greek camp, and overlooking the Trojan plain. It is the only gate of the city mentioned by name.

Scamander. A Mysian river, flowing through the Trojan plain, between the city and the Greek camp.

Sidon. The oldest and wealthiest city of Phœnicia. A busy port, famous for its commerce and manufactures.

Sinthians. A people of Lemnos, where Vulcan is said to have had his forge underground.

Sipylos. A mountain in Lydia, Asia Minor.

Sisyphus. Founder of Ephyré (Corinth), and the craftiest of all men.

Smintheus. This surname of Apollo is derived by some from *sminthos*, the Phrygian name for a mouse, because he delivered the surrounding country from a plague of mice that infested it. Others derive it from Sminthe, a town in Troas.

Mr. Lang ("Customs and Myths") says that in later times mice were allowed to live under his altar, and an image of one kept on his sacred tripod.

Solymi. An ancient nation dwelling in the mountainous parts of Lycia.

Sparta. An ancient city of Laconia, Greece, and the hereditary kingdom of Menelaus.

Stygian. Adj. from Styx, a mighty river, the tenth part of the water of Oceanus, flowing through Hades.

Talthybius. One of the heralds of Agamemnon.

Tenedos. A small island in the Ægean Sea off the coast of Troas.

Teucer. (*a*) A son of Telamon, and step-brother of Ajax; noted as an archer. (*b*) A son of Scamander, and first king of Troy.

Teuthras. Father of Axylus.

Theano. Daughter of Cisseus, and wife of Antenor; priestess of Athene in Troy.

Thebé. A city in Mysia, at the foot of Mt. Placus, and home of Eëtion.

Theseus. Chief hero of Attica, Greece. Slew the Minotaur, married (and abandoned) Ariadne, fought with the Amazons, was one of the Argonauts, cut off the head of Medusa, and performed other marvellous exploits.

Thessaly. The north-eastern division of Greece.

Thetis. Chief of the Nereids. Mother, by Peleus, of Achilles.

Thrace. A region in south-eastern Europe; in Homeric times the entire region north of Greece.

Troy. Or Ilium. Capital of the Troad, and home of Priam.

Troilus. A son of Priam. Grote (p. 299, Vol. I.) says, "Troilus is only once named in the 'Iliad;' he was mentioned also in the 'Cypriad,' but his youth, beauty, and untimely end made him an object of great interest with the subsequent poets."

Tydides. A patronymic formed from **Tydeus**, generally applied to Diomed.

Ulysses. Or Odysseus. A king of Ithaca, father of Telemachus, by Penelope. He is famous for his adventurous wanderings upon the way home from Troy. In his intelligent courage and shrewd wisdom he is the ideal representative of the Ionic Greeks.

Vulcan. The god of fire and the working of metals, and the patron of all handicraftsmen. He was the son of Jupiter and Juno, and was lame from his having been hurled down from heaven by Jupiter in a fit of anger. He was the divine artist, the creator of all that was beautiful, as well as of all that was mechanically wonderful, in the abodes of the gods.

Xanthus. Same as Scamander.

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